



Mr. Alexander Pope.

G. Vertue sc.



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THE
WORKS
OF
ALEXANDER POPE, Esq;
VOL. I.

WITH
Explanatory NOTES and ADDITIONS
never before printed.

Hæc studia adolescentiam alunt, senectutem oblectant; secundas res ornant, adversis perfugium & solatium præbent; delectant domi, non impediunt foris; pernoctant nobiscum, peregrinantur, rusticantur. Tully.



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P R E F A C E.

I Am inclined to think that both the writers of books, and the readers of them, are generally not a little unreasonable in their expectations. The first seem to fancy that the world must approve whatever they produce, and the latter to imagine that authors are obliged to please them at any rate. Methinks as on the one hand, no single man is born with a right of controuling the opinions of all the rest; so on the other, the world has no title to demand, that the whole care and time of any particular person should be sacrificed to its entertainment. Therefore I cannot but believe that writers and readers are under equal obligations, for as much fame, or pleasure, as each affords the other.

Every one acknowledges, it would be a wild notion to expect perfection in any work of man; and yet one would think the contrary was taken for granted, by the judgment commonly past upon Poems. A Critic supposes he has done his part, if he proves a writer to have fail'd in an expression,

or err'd in any particular point: and can it then be wonder'd at, if the Poets in general seem resolv'd not to own themselves in any error? For as long as one side despises a well-meant endeavour, the other will not be satisfy'd with a moderate approbation.

I am afraid this extreme zeal on both sides is ill-plac'd; Poetry and Criticism being by no means the universal concern of the world, but only the affair of idle men who write in their closets, and of idle men who read there. Yet sure upon the whole, a bad Author deserves better usage than a bad Critic: a man may be the former merely thro' the misfortune of an ill judgment, but he cannot be the latter without both that and an ill temper.

I think a good deal may be said to extenuate the fault of bad Poets. What we call a Genius, is hard to be distinguish'd by a man himself, from a strong inclination: and if it be never so great, he can not at first discover it any other way, than by that prevalent propensity which renders him the more liable to be mistaken. The only method he has, is to make the experiment by writing, and appealing to the judgment of others: And if he happens to write ill (which is certainly no sin in itself) he is immediately made an object of ridicule. I wish we had the humanity to reflect that even the worst authors

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thors might endeavour to please us, and in that endeavour, deserve something at our hands. We have no cause to quarrel with them but for their obstinacy in persisting, and this too may admit of alleviating circumstances. Their particular friends may be either ignorant, or insincere; and the rest of the world too well-bred to shock them with a truth, which generally their Booksellers are the first that inform them of. This happens not 'till they have spent too much of their time, to apply to any profession which might better fit their talents; and till such talents as they have are so far discredited, as to be but of small service to them. For (what is the hardest case imaginable) the reputation of a man generally depends upon the first steps he makes in the world, and people will establish their opinion of us, from what we do at that season when we have least judgment to direct us.

On the other hand, a good Poet no sooner communicates his works with the same desire of information, but it is imagin'd he is a vain young creature given up to the ambition of fame; when perhaps the poor man is all the while trembling with the fear of being ridiculous. If he is made to hope he may please the world, he falls under very unlucky circumstances: for from the moment he

prints, he must expect to hear no more truth, than if he were a Prince, or a Beauty. If he has not very good sense, his living thus in a course of flattery may put him in no small danger of becoming a Coxcomb: If he has, he will consequently have so much diffidence, as not to reap any great satisfaction from his praise; since if it be given to his face, it can scarce be distinguish'd from flattery, and if in his absence, it is hard to be certain of it. Were he sure to be commended by the best and most knowing, he is as sure of being envy'd by the worst and most ignorant; for it is with a fine Genius as with a fine fashion, all those are displeas'd at it who are not able to follow it: And 'tis to be fear'd that esteem will seldom do any man so much good, as ill-will does him harm. Then there is a third class of people who make the largest part of mankind, those of ordinary or indifferent capacities; and these (to a man) will hate, or suspect him: a hundred honest gentlemen will dread him as a wit, and a hundred innocent women as a satirist. In a word, whatever be his fate in Poetry, it is ten to one but he must give up all the reasonable aims of life for it. There are indeed some advantages accruing from a Genius to Poetry, and they are all I can think of: the agreeable power of self-amusement when a man

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is idle or alone; the privilege of being admitted into the best company; and the freedom of saying as many careless things as other people, without being so severely remark'd upon.

I believe, if any one, early in his life should contemplate the dangerous fate of authors, he would scarce be of their number on any consideration. The life of a Wit is a warfare upon earth; and the present spirit of the learned world is such, that to attempt to serve it (any way) one must have the constancy of a martyr, and a resolution to suffer for its sake. I could wish people would believe what I am pretty certain they will not, that I have been less concern'd about Fame than I durst declare till this occasion, when methinks I should find more credit than I could heretofore: since my writings have had their fate already, and 'tis too late to think of prepossessing the reader in their favour. I would plead it as some merit in me, that the world has never been prepared for these Trifles by Prefaces, byast by recommendations, dazled with the names of great Patrons, wheedled with fine reasons and pretences, or troubled with excuses. I confess it was want of consideration that made me an author; I writ because it amused me; I corrected because it was

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as pleasant to me to correct as to write; and I publish'd because I was told I might please such as it was a credit to please. To what degree I have done this, I am really ignorant; I had too much fondness for my productions to judge of them at first, and too much judgment to be pleas'd with them at last. But I have reason to think they can have no reputation which will continue long, or which deserves to do so: for they have always fallen short not only of what I read of others, but even of my own Ideas of Poetry.

If any one should imagine I am not in earnest, I desire him to reflect, that the Ancients (to say the least of them) had as much Genius as we; and that to take more pains, and employ more time, cannot fail to produce more complete pieces. They constantly apply'd themselves not only to that art, but to that single branch of an art, to which their talent was most powerfully bent; and it was the business of their lives to correct and finish their works for posterity. If we can pretend to have used the same industry, let us expect the same immortality: 'Tho' if we took the same care, we should still lie under a farther misfortune: they writ in languages that became universal and everlasting,

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lasting, while ours are extremely limited both in extent, and in duration. A mighty foundation for our pride! when the utmost we can hope, is but to be read in one Island, and to be thrown aside at the end of one Age.

All that is left us is to recommend our productions by the imitation of the Ancients: and it will be found true, that in every age, the highest character for sense and learning has been obtain'd by those who have been most indebted to them. For to say truth, whatever is very good sense, must have been common sense in all times; and what we call Learning, is but the knowledge of the sense of our predecessors. Therefore they who say our thoughts are not our own because they resemble the Ancients, may as well say our faces are not our own, because they are like our Fathers: And indeed it is very unreasonable, that people should expect us to be Scholars, and yet be angry to find us so.

I fairly confess that I have serv'd my self all I could by reading; that I made use of the judgment of authors dead and living; that I omitted no means in my power to be inform'd of my errors, both by my friends and enemies; and that I expect not to be excus'd in any negligence
on

on account of youth, want of leisure, or any other idle allegations: But the true reason these pieces are not more correct, is owing to the consideration how short a time they, and I, have to live: One may be ashamed to consume half one's days in bringing sense and rhyme together; and what Critic can be so unreasonable as not to leave a man time enough for any more serious employment, or more agreeable amusement?

The only plea I shall use for the favour of the publick, is, that I have as great a respect for it, as most authors have for themselves; and that I have sacrificed much of my own self-love for its sake, in preventing not only many mean things from seeing the light, but many which I thought tolerable. I would not be like those Authors, who forgive themselves some particular lines for the sake of a whole Poem, and *vice versa* a whole Poem for the sake of some particular lines. I believe no one qualification is so likely to make a good writer, as the power of rejecting his own thoughts; and it must be this (if any thing) that can give me a chance to be one. For what I have publish'd, I can only hope to be pardon'd; but for what I have burn'd, I deserve to be prais'd. On this account the world is under some obligation

tion to me, and owes me the justice in return, to look upon no verses as mine that are not inserted in this collection. And perhaps nothing could make it worth my while to own what are really so, but to avoid the imputation of so many dull and immoral things, as partly by malice, and partly by ignorance, have been ascribed to me. I must farther acquit my self of the presumption of having lent my name to recommend any Miscellanies, or works of other men; a thing I never thought becoming a person who has hardly credit enough to answer for his own.

In this office of collecting my pieces, I am altogether uncertain, whether to look upon my self as a man building a monument, or burying the dead?

If Time shall make it the former, may these Poems (as long as they last) remain as a testimony, that their Author never made his talents subservient to the mean and unworthy ends of Party or self-interest; the gratification of publick prejudices, or private passions; the flattery of the undeserving, or the insult of the unfortunate. If I have written well, let it be consider'd that 'tis what no man can do without good sense, a quality that not only renders one capable of being

a good writer, but a good man. And if I have made any acquisition in the opinion of any one under the notion of the former, let it be continued to me under no other title than that of the latter.

But if this publication be only a more solemn funeral of my Remains, I desire it may be known that I die in charity, and in my senses; without any murmurs against the justice of this age, or any mad appeals to posterity. I declare I shall think the world in the right, and quietly submit to every truth which time shall discover to the prejudice of these writings; not so much as wishing so irrational a thing, as that every body should be deceiv'd, merely for my credit. However, I desire it may then be consider'd, that there are very few things in this collection which were not written under the age of five and twenty: so that my youth may be made (as it never fails to be in Executions) a case of compassion. That I was never so concern'd about my works as to vindicate them in print, believing if any thing was good it would defend itself, and what was bad could never be defended. That I used no artifice to raise or continue a reputation, depreciated no dead author I was obliged to, brib'd no living one with unjust praise, insulted no adversary with ill language; or when I
could

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could not attack a Rival's works, encourag'd reports against his Morals. To conclude, if this volume perish, let it serve as a warning to the Critics, not to take too much pains for the future to destroy such things as will die of themselves; and a *Memento mori* to some of my vain cotemporaries the Poets, to teach them that when real merit is wanting, it avails nothing to have been encourag'd by the great, commended by the eminent, and favour'd by the publick in general.

Nov. 10,
1716.

P A S-

On Mr. POPE and his Poems,

By his GRACE

JOHN SHEFFIELD,

Duke of BUCKINGHAM.

WITH Age decay'd, with Courts and bus'ness tir'd,
Caring for nothing but what Ease requir'd;
Too dully serious for the Muse's sport,
And from the Critics safe arriv'd in Port;
I little thought of launching forth agen,
Amidst advent'rous Rovers of the Pen;
And after so much undeserv'd success,
Thus hazarding at last to make it less.

Encomiums suit not this censorious time,
Itself a subject for satyric rhyme;
Ignorance honour'd, Wit and Worth defam'd,
Folly triumphant, and ev'n *Homer* blam'd!

But to this Genius, join'd with so much Art,
Such various Learning mix'd in ev'ry part,
Poets are bound a loud applause to pay;
Apollo bids it, and they must obey.

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And

And yet so wonderful, sublime a thing,
As the great *ILIAD*, scarce could make me sing;
Except I justly could at once commend
A good Companion, and as firm a Friend.
One moral, or a meer well-natur'd deed,
Can all desert in Sciences exceed.

20

'Tis great delight to laugh at some men's ways,
But a much greater to give Merit praise.

To Mr. POPE, on his Pastorals.

IN these more dull, as more censorious days,
When few dare give, and fewer merit Praise;
A Muse sincere, that never Flatt'ry knew,
Pays what to friendship and desert is due.
Young, yet judicious; in your verse are found
Art strengthning Nature, Sense improv'd by Sound.
Unlike those Wits, whose numbers glide along
So smooth, no thought e'er interrupts the song:
Laboriously enervate they appear,
And write not to the head, but to the ear:
Our minds unmov'd and unconcern'd they lull,
And are at best most musically dull;

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So

So purling streams with even murmurs creep,
 And hush the heavy hearers into sleep.
 As smoothest speech is most deceitful sound, 15
 The smoothest numbers oft' are empty sound.
 But Wit and Judgment join at once in you,
 Sprightly as Youth, as Age consummate too:
 Your strains are regularly bold, and please 20 }
 With unforc'd care, and unaffected ease,
 With proper thoughts, and lively images:
 Such as by Nature to the Ancients shown,
 Fancy improves, and Judgment makes your own:
 For great men's fashions to be follow'd are,
 Altho' disgraceful 'tis their clothes to wear. 25
 Some in a polish'd style write Pastoral,
Arcadia speaks the language of the *Mall*;
 Like some fair Shepherdess, the Sylvan Muse,
 Should wear those flow'rs her native fields produce;
 And the true measure of the shepherd's wit 30
 Should, like his garb, be for the country fit:
 Yet must his pure and unaffected thought
 More nicely than the common swains be wrought.
 So, with becoming art, the Players dress
 In silks, the shepherd, and the shepherdess; 35
 Yet still unchang'd the form and mode remain,
 Shap'd like the homely russet of the swain.
 Your rural Muse appears to justify
 The long-lost graces of Simplicity:
 So rural beauties captivate our sense 40
 With virgin charms, and native excellence.

Yet long her Modesty those charms conceal'd,
 'Till by men's Envy to the world reveal'd;
 For Wits industrious to their trouble seem,
 And needs will envy what they must esteem. 45

Live and enjoy their spite! nor mourn that fate,
 Which wou'd, if *Virgil* liv'd, on *Virgil* wait;
 Whose Muse did once, like thine, in plains delight;
 Thine shall, like his, soon take a higher flight;
 So Larks, which first from lowly fields arise, 50
 Mount by degrees, and reach at last the skies.

W. WYCHERLEY.

T O

Mr. POPE, on his *Windsor-Forest*.

HAIL, sacred Bard! a Muse unknown before
 Salutes thee from the bleak *Atlantic* shore.
 To our dark world thy shining page is shown,
 And *Windsor's* gay retreat becomes our own.
 The Eastern pomp had just bespoke our care,
 And *India* pour'd her gaudy treasures here: 5
 A

A various spoil adorn'd our naked land,
 The pride of *Perfia* glitter'd on our strand,
 And *China's* Earth was cast on common sand :
 Toss'd up and down the glossy fragments lay, 10
 And dress'd the rocky shelves, and pav'd the painted bay.
 Thy treasures next arriv'd : and now we boast
 A nobler Cargo on our barren coast :
 From thy luxuriant Forest we receive
 More lasting glories than the East can give. 15

Where-e'er we dip in thy delightful page,
 What pompous scenes our busy thoughts engage!
 The pompous scenes in all their pride appear,
 Fresh in the page, as in the grove they were.
 Nor half so true the fair *Lodona* shows 20
 The sylvan state that on her border grows,
 While she the wond'ring shepherd entertains
 With a new *Windfor* in her wat'ry plains :
 Thy juster lays the lucid wave surpass,
 The living scene is in the Muse's glass. 25
 Nor sweeter notes the echoing Forests chear,
 When *Philomela* sits and warbles there,
 Than when you sing the greens, and opening glades,
 And give us Harmony as well as Shades :
 A *Titian's* hand might draw the grove, but you 30
 Can paint the grove, and add the Music too.

With vast variety thy pages shine ;
 A new creation starts in ev'ry line.
 How sudden trees rise to the reader's sight,
 And make a doubtful scene of shade and light,
 And give at once the day, at once the night ! 35

And here again what sweet confusion reigns,
 In dreary deserts mix'd with painted plains!
 And see! the deserts cast a pleasing gloom;
 And shrubby heaths rejoice in purple bloom: 40
 Whilst fruitful crops rise by their barren side,
 And bearded groves display their annual pride.

Happy the Man, who strings his tuneful lyre,
 Where woods, and brooks, and breathing fields inspire!
 Thrice happy you! and worthy best to dwell 45
 Amidst the rural joys you sing so well.

I in a cold, and in a barren clime,
 Cold as my thought, and barren as my rhyme, }
 Here on the Western beach attempt to chime. }
 O joyless flood! O rough tempestuous main! 50
 Border'd with weeds, and solitudes obscene!

Snatch me, ye Gods! from these *Atlantic* shores,
 And shelter me in *Windfor's* fragrant bow'rs;
 Or to my much-lov'd *Isis'* walks convey,
 And on her flow'ry banks for ever lay. 55

Thence let me view the venerable scene,
 The awful dome, the groves eternal green:
 Where sacred *Hough* long found his fam'd retreat,
 And brought the Muses to the sylvan seat,
 Reform'd the wits, unlock'd the Classic store, 60
 And made that Music which was Noise before.

There with illustrious Bards I spent my days,
 Nor free from censure, nor unknown to praise,
 Enjoy'd the blessings that his reign bestow'd,
 Nor envy'd *Windfor* in the soft abode. 65

The

The golden minutes smoothly danc'd away,
 And tuneful Bards beguil'd the tedious day :
 They sung, nor sung in vain, with numbers fir'd
 That *Maro* taught, or *Addison* inspir'd.
 Ev'n I essay'd to touch the trembling string : 70
 Who cou'd hear them, and not attempt to sing ?

Rouz'd from these dreams by thy commanding strain,
 I rise, and wander thro' the field or plain;
 Led by thy Muse from sport to sport I run,
 Mark the stretch'd line, or hear the thund'ring gun. 75
 Ah ! how I melt with pity, when I spy
 On the cold earth the flutt'ring Pheasant lie ;
 His gaudy robes in dazling lines appear,
 And ev'ry feather shines and varies there.

Nor can I pass the gen'rous courser by, 80 }
 But while the prancing steed allures my eye,
 He starts, he's gone ! and now I see him fly
 O'er hills and dales, and now I lose the course,
 Nor can the rapid fight pursue the flying horse.
 Oh cou'd thy *Virgil* from his orb look down, 85
 He'd view a courser that might match his own !
 Fir'd with the sport, and eager for the chace,
Lodona's murmurs stop me in the race.

Who can refuse *Lodona's* melting tale ?
 The soft complaint shall over time prevail ; 90
 The Tale be told, when shades forsake her shore,
 The Nymph be sung, when she can flow no more.

Nor shall thy song, old *Thames* ! forbear to shine,
 At once the subject and the song divine.

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Peace, sung by thee, shall please ev'n *Britons* more
Than all their shouts for Victory before. 96
Oh! cou'd *Britannia* imitate thy stream,
The world should tremble at her awful name :
From various springs divided waters glide,
In diff'rent colours roll a diff'rent tyde, 100
Murmur along their crooked banks a while,
At once they murmur and enrich the Isle,
A while distinct thro' many channels run,
But meet at last, and sweetly flow in one ;
There joy to lose their long-distinguish'd names, 105
And make one glorious, and immortal *Thames*.

FR. KNAPP.

TO MR. POPE,

In imitation of a *Greek* Epigram on HOMER.

WHEN *Phœbus*, and the nine harmonious maids,
Of old assembled in the *Thespian* shades ;
What theme, they cry'd, what high immortal air,
Befit these harps to sound, and thee to hear ?

Reply' d

Reply'd the God ; " Your loftiest notes employ, 5
 " To sing young *Peleus*, and the fall of *Troy*.
 The wond'rous song with rapture they rehearse ;
 Then ask who wrought that miracle of verse ?
 He answer'd with a frown ; " I now reveal
 " A truth, that Envy bids me not conceal : 10
 " Retiring frequent to this Laureat vale,
 " I warbled to the Lyre that fav'rite tale,
 " Which, unobserv'd, a wand'ring *Greek* and blind,
 " Heard me repeat, and treasur'd in his mind ;
 " And fir'd with thirst of more than mortal praise, 15
 " From me, the God of Wit, usurp'd the bays.
 But let vain *Greece* indulge her growing fame,
 Proud with celestial spoils to grace her name ;
 Yet when my Arts shall triumph in the West,
 And the White Isle with female pow'r is blest ; 20
 Fame, I foresee, will make reprizals there,
 And the Translator's Palm to me transfer.
 With less regret my claim I now decline,
 The World will think his *English Iliad* mine.

E. FENTON.

TO MR. P O P E.

TO praise, and still with just respect to praise
A Bard triumphant in immortal bays,
The Learn'd to show, the Sensible commend,
Yet still preserve the province of the Friend ;
What life, what vigour must the lines require ?
What Music tune them, what Affection fire ?

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O might thy Genius in my bosom shine !
Thou should'st not fail of numbers worthy thine ;
The brightest Ancients might at once agree
To sing within my lays, and sing of thee.

10

Horace himself won'd own thou dost excell
In candid arts to play the Critic well.
Ovid himself might wish to sing the Dame
Whom *Windsor*-Forest sees a gliding stream :
On silver feet, with annual *Osier* crown'd,
She runs for ever thro' Poetic ground.

15

How flame the glories of *Belinda's* Hair,
Made by thy Muse the envy of the Fair ?
Less shone the tresses *Ægypt's* Princess wore,
Which sweet *Callimachus* so sung before.
Here courtly trifles set the world at odds ;
Belles war with Beaus, and Whims descend for Gods.
The new Machines, in names of ridicule,
Mock the grave frenzy of the Chimic fool.

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But

But know, ye Fair, a point conceal'd with art, 25
 The Sylphs and Gnomes are but a Woman's heart.
 The Graces stand in fight; a Satyr-train
 Peeps o'er their head, and laughs behind the scene.

In Fame's fair Temple, o'er the boldest wits
 Inshrin'd on high, the sacred *Virgil* sits; 30
 And sits in measures, such as *Virgil's* Muse
 To place thee near him, might be fond to chuse.
 How might he tune th' alternate reed with thee,
 Perhaps a *Strephon* thou, a *Daphnis* he;

While some old *Damon*, o'er the vulgar wife, 35
 Thinks he deserves, and thou deserv'st the Prize.

Rapt with the thought, my fancy seeks the plains,
 And turns me shepherd while I hear the strains.

Indulgent nurse of ev'ry tender gale,
 Parent of flowrets, old *Arcadia* hail! 40

Here in the cool my limbs at ease I spread,

Here let thy Poplars whisper o'er my head!

Still slide thy waters, soft among the trees,

Thy Aspens quiver in a breathing breeze!

Smile all ye valleys, in eternal spring, 45

Be hush'd, ye winds, while *Pope* and *Virgil* sing.

In *English* lays, and all sublimely great,

Thy *Homer* warms with all his ancient heat;

He shines in Council, thunders in the Fight,

And flames with ev'ry sense of great delight. 50

Long has that Poet reign'd, and long unknown,

Like Monarchs sparkling on a distant throne;

In all the Majesty of *Greek* retir'd,

Himself unknown, his mighty name admir'd;

His language failing, wrapt him round with night ; 55
 Thine, rais'd by thee, recalls the work to light.
 So wealthy Mines, that ages long before
 Fed the large realms around with golden Ore,
 When choak'd by sinking banks, no more appear,
 And shepherds only say, *The mines were here* : 60
 Should some rich youth (if nature warm his heart,
 And all his projects stand inform'd with art)
 Here clear the caves, there ope the leading vein ;
 The mines detected flame with gold again.

How vast, how copious, are thy new designs ! 65
 How ev'ry Music varies in thy lines !
 Still, as I read, I feel my bosom beat,
 And rise in raptures by another's heat.
 Thus in the wood, when summer dress'd the days
 While *Windsor* lent us tuneful hours of ease, 70
 Our ears the lark, the thrush, the turtle blest,
 And *Philomela* sweetest o'er the rest :
 The shades resound with song—O softly tread,
 While a whole season warbles round my head.

This to my friend—and when a friend inspires, 75
 My silent harp its master's hand requires,
 Shakes off the dust, and makes these rocks resound ;
 For fortune plac'd me in unfertile ground :
 Far from the joys that with my soul agree,
 From wit, from learning—very far from thee. 80
 Here moss-grown trees expand the smallest leaf ;
 Here half an Acre's corn is half a sheaf ;
 Here hills with naked heads the tempest meet,
 Rocks at their sides, and torrents at their feet ;

Or lazy lakes, unconscious of a flood, 85
Whose dull brown *Naiads* ever sleep in mud.
Yet here Content can dwell, and learned Ease,
A Friend delight me, and an Author please;
Ev'n here I sing, when *Pope* supplies the theme,
Shew my own love, tho' not increase his fame. 90

T. PARNELL.

TO MR. POPE.

LET vulgar souls triumphal arches raise,
Or speaking marbles to record their praise;
And picture (to the voice of Fame unknown)
The mimic feature on the breathing stone;
Mere mortals! subject to death's total sway, 5
Reptiles of earth, and beings of a day!
'Tis thine, on ev'ry heart to grave thy praise,
A monument which Worth alone can raise:
Sure to survive, when time shall whelm in dust
The arch, the marble, and the mimic bust: 10
Nor 'till the volumes of th' expanded sky
Blaze in one flame, shalt thou and *Homer* die:
Then sink together, in the world's last fires,
What heav'n created, and what heav'n inspires. 15

If aught on earth, when once this breath is fled, 15
 With human transport touch the mighty dead,
Shakeſpear, rejoice! his hand thy page refines;
 Now ev'ry ſcene with native brightneſs ſhines;
 Juſt to thy fame, he gives thy genuine thought;
 So *Tully* publiſh'd what *Lucretius* wrote; 20
 Prun'd by his care, thy laurels loſtier grow,
 And bloom aſreſh on thy immortal brow.

Thus when thy draughts, O *Raphael*! time invades,
 And the bold figure from the canvafs fades,
 A rival hand recalls from ev'ry part 25
 Some latent grace, and equals art with art;
 Transported we ſurvey the dubious ſtrife,
 While each fair image ſtarts again to life.

How long, untun'd, had *Homer*'s ſacred lyre
 Jarr'd grating diſcord, all extinct his fire? 30
 This you beheld; and taught by heav'n to ſing
 Call'd the loud muſic from the ſounding ſtring.
 Now wak'd from ſlumbers of three thouſand years,
 Once more *Achilles* in dread pomp appears,
 Tow'rs o'er the field of death; as fierce he turns, 35
 Keen flaſh his arms, and all the Hero burns;
 With martial ſtalk, and more than mortal might,
 He ſtrides along, and meets the Gods in fight:
 Then the pale *Titans*, chain'd on burning floors,
 Start at the din that rends th' infernal ſhores, 40
 Tremble the tow'rs of heav'n, earth rocks her coaſts,
 And gloomy *Pluto* ſhakes with all his ghoſts.
 To ev'ry theme reſponds thy various lay;
 Here rowls a torrent, there *Meanders* play;

Sonorous

Sonorous as the storm thy numbers rise, 45
 Toss the wild waves, and thunder in the skies;
 Or softer than a yielding virgin's sigh,
 The gentle breezes breathe away and die.
 Thus, like the radiant God who sheds the day,
 You paint the vale, or gild the azure way; 50
 And while with ev'ry theme the verse complies,
 Sink without groveling, without rashness rise.

Proceed, great Bard! awake th' harmonious string,
 Be ours all *Homer*! still *Ulysses* sing.
 How long * that Hero, by unskilful hands, 55
 Stript of his robes, a Beggar trod our lands?
 Such as he wander'd o'er his native coast,
 Shrunk by the wand, and all the warrior lost:
 O'er his smooth skin a bark of wrinkles spread;
 Old age disgrac'd the honours of his head; 60
 Nor longer in his heavy eye-ball shin'd
 The glance divine, forth-beaming from the mind.
 But you, like *Pallas*, ev'ry limb infold
 With royal robes, and bid him shine in gold;
 Touch'd by your hand, his manly frame improves 65
 With grace divine, and like a God he moves.

Ev'n I, the meanest of the Muses train,
 Inflam'd by thee, attempt a nobler strain;
 Advent'rous waken the *Mæolian* lyre,
 Tun'd by your hand, and sing as you inspire: 70
 So arm'd by great *Achilles* for the fight,
Patroclus conquer'd in *Achilles'* right:

* *Odyssey*, lib. 16.

Like theirs, our Friendship ! and I boast my name
To thine united—for thy Friendship's Fame.

This labour past, of heav'nly subjects sing, 75
While hov'ring angels listen on the wing,
To hear from earth such heart-felt raptures rise,
As, when they sing, suspended hold the skies :
Or nobly rising in fair Virtue's cause,
From thy own Life transcribe th' unerring laws : 80
Teach a bad world beneath her sway to bend ;
To verse like thine fierce savages attend,
And men more fierce : when *Orpheus* tunes the lay,
Ev'n fiends relenting hear their rage away.

W. B R O O M E.

To Mr. P O P E, on the publishing
his *Works*.

HE comes, he comes ! bid ev'ry Bard prepare
The song of triumph, and attend his Car.
Great *Sheffield's* Muse the long procession heads,
And throws a lustre o'er the pomp she leads,
First gives the Palm she fir'd him to obtain, 5
Crowns his gay brow, and shows him how to reign.
Thus

Thus young *Alcides*, by old *Chiron* taught,
 Was form'd for all the miracles he wrought :
 Thus *Chiron* did the youth he taught applaud,
 Pleas'd to behold the earnest of a God. 10

But hark what shouts, what gath'ring crouds rejoice!
 Unstain'd their praise by any venal voice,
 Such as th'Ambitious vainly think their due,
 When Prostitutes, or needy Flatt'ers sue.
 And see the Chief! before him laurels born ; 15
 Trophies from undeserving temples torn ;
 Here Rage enchain'd reluctant raves, and there
 Pale Envy dumb, and sickning with despair,
 Prone to the earth she bends her loathing eye,
 Weak to support the blaze of majesty. 20

But what are they that turn the sacred page?
 Three lovely Virgins, and of equal age ;
 Intent they read, and all-enamour'd seem,
 As he that met his Likeness in the stream :
 The *Graces* these ; and see how they contend, 25
 Who most shall praise, who best shall recommend ?

The Chariot now the painful steep ascends ;
 The *Pæans* cease ; thy glorious labour ends.
 Here fix'd, the bright eternal Temple stands,
 Its prospect an unbounded view commands : 30
 Say, wond'rous youth, what Column wilt thou chuse,
 What laurell'd Arch for thy triumphant Muse ?
 Tho' each great Ancient court thee to his shrine,
 Tho' ev'ry Laurel thro' the dome be thine,
 (From the proud Epic, down to those that shade 35
 The gentler brow of the soft *Lesbian* maid)

(xxxiv)

Go to the *Good* and *Just*, an awful train,
'Thy soul's delight, and glory of the Fane :
While thro' the earth thy dear remembrance flies,
" Sweet to the world, and grateful to the skies. 40

SIMON HARCOURT.

To Mr. P O P E.

From *Rome*, 1730.

IMmortal Bard! for whom each Muse has wove
The fairest garlands of th' *Aonian* Grove ;
Preserv'd, our drooping Genius to restore,
When *Addison* and *Congreve* are no more ;
After so many stars extinct in night, 5
The darken'd Age's last remaining light!
To thee from *Latian* realms this verse is writ,
Inspir'd by memory of antient Wit ;
For now no more these climes their influence boast,
Fall'n is their Glory, and their Virtue lost ; 10
From Tyrants, and from Priests, the Muses fly,
Daughters of *Reason* and of *Liberty*.
Nor *Baiae* now, nor *Umbria's* plain they love,
Nor on the banks of *Nar*, or *Mincio* rove ; 14

To *Thames's* flow'ry borders they retire, 15
 And kindle in thy breast the *Roman* fire.
 So in the shades, where chear'd with summer rays
 Melodious linnets warbled sprightly lays,
 Soon as the faded, falling leaves complain
 Of gloomy winter's un auspicious reign, 20
 No tuneful voice is heard of joy or love,
 But mournful silence saddens all the grove.

Unhappy *Italy!* whose alter'd state
 Has felt the worst severity of Fate :
 Not that *Barbarian* hands her *Fasces* broke, 25
 And bow'd her haughty neck beneath their yoke ;
 Not that her palaces to earth are thrown,
 Her cities desert, and her fields unsown ;
 But that her ancient Spirit is decay'd,
 That sacred Wisdom from her bounds is fled, 30
 That there the source of Science flows no more,
 Whence its rich streams supply'd the world before.

Illustrious Names! that once in *Latium* shin'd,
 Born to instruct, and to command Mankind ;
 Chiefs, by whose Virtue mighty *Rome* was rais'd, 35
 And Poets, who those chiefs sublimely prais'd !
 O! I the traces you have left explore,
 Your ashes visit, and your urns adore ;
 Oft' kifs, with lips devout, some mould'ring stone,
 With ivy's venerable shade o'ergrown ; 40
 Those hallow'd ruins better pleas'd to see,
 Than all the Pomp of modern Luxury.

As late on *Virgil's* tomb fresh flow'rs I strow'd,
 While with th' inspiring Muse my bosom glow'd,
 Crown'd with eternal bays, my ravish'd eyes 45
 Beheld the Poet's awful Form arise;

Stranger, he said, whose pious hand has paid
 These grateful rites to my attentive shade,
 When thou shalt breathe thy happy native air,
 To *Pope* this message from his Master bear : 50

Great Bard, whose numbers I myself inspire,
 To whom I gave my own harmonious lyre,
 If high exalted on the Throne of Wit,
 Near *Me* and *Homer* thou aspire to sit,
 No more let meaner Satire dim the rays 55
 That flow majestic from thy nobler Bays;
 In all the flow'ry paths of *Pindus* stray,
 But shun that thorny, that unpleasing way;
 Nor when each soft engaging Muse is thine,
 Address the least attractive of the Nine. 60

Of thee more worthy were the task, to raise
 A lasting Column to thy Country's Praise,
 To sing the Land, which yet, alone can boast
 That *Liberty* corrupted *Rome* has lost;
 Where *Science* in the arms of *Peace* is laid, 65
 And plants her Palm beneath the Olive's shade.
 Such was the Theme for which my lyre I strung,
 Such was the People whose exploits I sung;
 Brave, yet refin'd, for Arms and Arts renown'd,
 With different bays by *Mars* and *Phæbus* crown'd, 70
 Dauntless opposers of Tyrannic Sway,
 But pleas'd, a mild *AUGUSTUS* to obey.

(xxxvii)

If these commands submissive thou receive,
Immortal and unblam'd thy Name shall live,
Envy to black *Cocytus* shall retire,
And houl with Furies in tormenting fire;
Approving Time shall consecrate thy Lays,
And join the *Patriot's* to the *Poet's* Praise.

75

GEORGE LYTTTELTON.

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CITY OF BOSTON

FROM THE FIRST SETTLEMENT
TO THE PRESENT TIME

BY NATHANIEL BENTLEY

IN TWO VOLUMES

VOLUME THE FIRST

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THE HISTORY OF THE

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TO THE PRESENT TIME

PASTORALS,

WITH A

DISCOURSE ON PASTORAL.

Written in the Year 1704.

*Rura mihi & rigui placeant in vallibus amnes,
Flumina amem, sylvasque, inglorius!* VIRG.

VOL. I.

B

A

DISCOURSE

ON

PASTORAL POETRY.

THERE are not, I believe, a greater number of any sort of verses than of those which are called Pastorals; nor a smaller, than of those which are truly so. It therefore seems necessary to give some account of this kind of Poem, and it is my design to comprize in this short paper the substance of those numerous dissertations the Criticks have made on the subject, without omitting any of their rules in my own favour. You will also find some points reconciled, about which they seem to differ, and a few remarks which I think have escaped their observation.

The original of Poetry is ascribed to that age which succeeded the creation of the world: And as the keeping of flocks seems to have been the first employment of mankind, the most antient sort of poetry was probably pastoral. 'Tis natural to imagine, that the leisure of those ancient shepherds requiring some diversion, none was so proper to that solitary life as singing; and that in their

songs they took occasion to celebrate their own felicity. From hence a Poem was invented, and afterwards improv'd to a perfect image of that happy time; which by giving us an esteem for the virtues of a former age, might recommend them to the present. And since the life of shepherds was attended with more tranquillity than any other rural employment, the Poets chose to introduce their Persons, from whom it receiv'd the name of Pastoral.

A Pastoral is an imitation of the action of a shepherd; the form of this imitation is dramatic, or narrative, or mix'd of both; the fable simple, the manners not too polite nor too rustic: The thoughts are plain, yet admit a little quickness and passion, but that short and flowing: The expression humble, yet as pure as the language will afford; neat, but not florid; easy, and yet lively. In short, the fable, manners, thoughts and expressions, are full of the greatest simplicity in nature.

The complete character of this poem consists in simplicity, brevity, and delicacy; the two first of which render an eclogue natural, and the last delightful.

If we would copy Nature, it may be useful to take this consideration along with us, that Pastoral is an image of what they call the golden age. So that we are not to describe our shepherds as shepherds at this day really are, but as they may be conceiv'd then to have been; when the best of men follow'd the employment. To carry this resemblance yet farther, that air of piety to the Gods should shine thro' the Poem, which so visibly appears in all the works of antiquity: And it ought to preserve some relish of the old way of writing;

writing ; the connections should be loose, the narrations and descriptions short, and the periods concise. Yet it is not sufficient that the sentences only be brief, the whole Eclogue should be so too. For we cannot suppose Poetry to have been the business of the ancient shepherds, but their recreation at vacant hours.

But with a respect to the present age, nothing more conduces to make these composures natural, than when some Knowledge in rural affairs is discover'd. This may be made to appear rather done by chance than on design, and sometimes is best shewn by inference ; lest by too much study to seem natural, we destroy the delight. For what is inviting in this sort of poetry proceeds not so much from the Idea of a country life itself, as from that of its Tranquillity. We must therefore use some illusion to render a Pastoral delightful ; and this consists in exposing the best side only of a shepherd's life, and in concealing its miseries. Nor is it enough to introduce shepherds discoursing together, but a regard must be had to the subject ; that it contain some particular beauty in itself, and that it be different in every Eclogue. Besides, in each of them a design'd scene or prospect is to be presented to our view, which should likewise have its variety. This variety is obtain'd in a great degree by frequent comparisons, drawn from the most agreeable objects of the country ; by interrogations to things inanimate ; by beautiful digressions, but those short ; sometimes by insisting a little on circumstances ; and lastly, by elegant turns on the words, which render the numbers ex-

tremely sweet and pleasing. As for the numbers themselves, tho' they are properly of the heroic measure, they should be the smoothest, the most easy and flowing imaginable.

It is by rules like these that we ought to judge of Pastoral. And since the instructions given for any art are to be deliver'd as that art is in perfection, they must of necessity be deriv'd from those in whom it is acknowledg'd so to be. 'Tis therefore from the practice of *Theocritus* and *Virgil*, (the only undisputed authors of Pastoral) that the Criticks have drawn the foregoing notions concerning it.

Theocritus excels all others in nature and simplicity. The subjects of his *Idyllia* are purely pastoral; but he is not so exact in his persons, having introduced reapers and fishermen as well as shepherds. He is apt to be too long in his descriptions, of which that of the Cup in the first pastoral is a remarkable instance. In the manners he seems a little defective, for his swains are sometimes abusive and immodest, and perhaps too much inclining to rusticity; for instance, in his fourth and fifth *Idyllia*. But 'tis enough that all others learn'd their excellencies from him, and that his Dialect alone has a secret charm in it, which no other could ever attain.

Virgil, who copies *Theocritus*, refines upon his original: and in all points where judgment has the principal part, is much superior to his master. Tho' some of his subjects are not pastoral in themselves, but only seem to be such; they have a wonderful variety in them, which the *Greek* was a stranger to. He exceeds him in
regularity

regularity and brevity, and falls short of him in nothing but simplicity and propriety of style; the first of which perhaps was the fault of his age, and the last of his language.

Among the moderns, their success has been greatest who have most endeavour'd to make these ancients their pattern. The most considerable Genius appears in the famous *Tasso*, and our *Spenser*. *Tasso* in his *Aminta* has as far excell'd all the Pastoral writers, as in his *Gerusalemme* he has outdone the Epic Poets of his country. But as this piece seems to have been the original of a new sort of poem, the Pastoral Comedy, in *Italy*, it cannot so well be consider'd as a copy of the ancients. *Spenser's Calendar*, in Mr. *Dryden's* opinion, is the most complete work of this kind which any Nation has produc'd ever since the time of *Virgil*. Not but he may be thought imperfect in some few points. His Eclogues are somewhat too long, if we compare them with the ancients. He is sometimes too allegorical, and treats of matters of religion in a pastoral style, as *Mantuan* had done before him. He has employ'd the Lyric measure, which is contrary to the practice of the old Poets. His Stanza is not still the same, nor always well chosen. This last may be the reason his expression is sometimes not concise enough: for the Tetrastrich has oblig'd him to extend his sense to the length of four lines, which would have been more closely confin'd in the Couplet.

In the manners, thoughts, and characters, he comes near *Theocritus* himself; tho' notwithstanding all the

care he has taken, he is certainly inferior in his Dialect : For the *Doric* had its beauty and propriety in the time of *Theocritus* ; it was used in part of *Greece*, and frequent in the mouths of many of the greatest persons : whereas the old *English* and country phrases of *Spenser* were either entirely obsolete, or spoken only by people of the lowest condition. As there is a difference betwixt simplicity and rusticity, so the expression of simple thoughts should be plain, but not clownish. The addition he has made of a Calendar to his Eclogues, is very beautiful : since by this, besides that general moral of innocence and simplicity, which is common to other authors of Pastoral, he has one peculiar to himself ; he compares human Life to the several Seasons, and at once exposes to his readers a view of the great and little worlds, in their various changes and aspects. Yet the scrupulous division of his Pastorals into Months, has oblig'd him either to repeat the same description, in other words, for three months together ; or when it was exhausted before, entirely to omit it : whence it comes to pass that some of his Eclogues (as the sixth, eighth, and tenth for example) have nothing but their Titles to distinguish them. The reason is evident, because the year has not that variety in it to furnish every month with a particular description, as it may every season.

Of the following Eclogues I shall only say, that these four comprehend all the subjects which the Criticks upon *Theocritus* and *Virgil* will allow to be fit for pastoral : That they have as much variety of description, in
respect

respect of the several seasons, as *Spenser's*: That in order to add to this variety, the several times of the day are observ'd, the rural employments in each season or time of day, and the rural scenes or places proper to such employments; not without some regard to the several ages of man, and the different passions proper to each age.

But after all, if they have any merit, it is to be attributed to some good old Authors, whose works as I had leisure to study, so I hope I have not wanted care to imitate.

S P R I N G,

S P R I N G.
THE
FIRST PASTORAL.
To Sir WILLIAM TRUMBAL.

FIRST in these fields I try the sylvan strains,
Nor blush to sport on *Windſor's* bliſſful plains:
Fair *Thames* flow gently from thy ſacred ſpring,
While on thy banks *Sicilian* Muſes ſing;

REMARKS.

THEſe Paſtorals were written at the age of ſixteen, and then paſt thro' the hands of Mr. *Walſh*, Mr. *Wycherley*, G. *Granville*, afterwards Lord *Landſdown*, Sir *William Trumbal*, Dr. *Garth*, Lord *Halifax*, Lord *Somers*, Mr. *Mainwaring*, and others. Notwithſtanding the early time of their production, the Author eſteem'd theſe as the moſt correct in the verſification, and muſical in the numbers, of all his works. The reaſon for his labouring them into ſo much ſoftneſs, was, that this ſort of poetry derives almoſt its whole beauty from a natural eaſe of thought and ſmoothneſs of verſe; whereas that of moſt other kinds conſiſts in the Strength
and

Let vernal airs thro' trembling osiers play, 5
And *Albion's* cliffs resound the rural lay.

You, that too wise for pride, too good for pow'r,
Enjoy the glory to be great no more,
And carrying with you all the world can boast,
To all the world illustriously are lost! 10

REMARKS.

and fulness of both. In a Letter of his to Mr. *Walsh* about this time, we find an enumeration of several Niceties in Versification, which perhaps have never been strictly observ'd in any *English* poem, except in these Pastorals. They were not printed till 1709.

IMITATIONS.

VER. 1. *Prima Syracosio dignata est ludere versu,
Nostra nec erubuit sylvas habitare Thalia.*

This is the general Exordium and opening of the Pastorals, in imitation of the 6th of *Virgil*, which some have therefore not improbably thought to have been the first originally. In the beginnings of the other three Pastorals, he imitates expressly those of the three chief Poets in this kind, *Theocritus*, *Virgil*, *Spenser*;

*A Shepherd's Boy (he seeks no better name)——
Beneath the shade a spreading Beech displays,——
Thyrsis, the Musick of that murm'ring Spring,——*

are manifestly imitations of

*A Shepherd's Boy (no better do him call)——
Tityre, tu patulae recubans sub tegmine fagi.——
Ἀδὺν τὸ Ἰθὺρίσμα καὶ ἀπὸ τοῦ αἰπόλου, τὴν αἰ.*

O let my Muse her slender reed inspire,
 Till in your native shades you tune the lyre:
 So when the Nightingale to rest removes,
 The Thrush may chant to the forsaken groves,
 But, charm'd to silence, listens while she sings, 15
 And all th' aerial audience clap their wings.

Soon as the flocks shook off the nightly dew,
 Two Swains, whom Love kept wakeful, and the Muse,
 Pour'd o'er the whitening vale their fleecy care,
 Fresh as the morn, and as the season fair: 20
 The dawn now blushing on the mountain's side,
 Thus *Daphnis* spoke, and *Strephon* thus reply'd.

DAPHNIS.

Hear how the birds, on ev'ry bloomy spray,
 With joyous music wake the dawning day!
 Why sit we mute when early linnets sing, 25
 When warbling *Philomel* salutes the spring?

VER. 12. *In your native shades.*] Sir W. Trumbal was born in *Windsor-Forest*, to which he retreated after he had resign'd the post of Secretary of State to King *William III.*

VER. 17, &c. The Scene of this Pastoral a Vally, the Time the Morning. It stood originally thus;

*Daphnis and Strephon to the shades retir'd,
 Both warm'd by Love, and by the Muse inspir'd;
 Fresh as the morn, and as the season fair,
 In flow'ry vales they fed their fleecy care;
 And while Aurora gilds the mountain's side,
 Thus Daphnis spoke, and Strephon thus reply'd.*

Why

Why sit we sad when *Phosphor* shines so clear,
And lavish nature paints the purple year?

STREPHON.

Sing then, and *Damon* shall attend the strain,
While yon' slow oxen turn the furrow'd plain. 30
Here on green banks the blushing vi'lets glow;
Here western winds on breathing roses blow.
I'll stake yon' lamb, that near the fountain plays,
And from the brink his dancing shade surveys.

DAPHNIS.

And I this bowl, where wanton ivy twines, 35
And swelling clusters bend the curling vines:
Four figures rising from the work appear,
The various seasons of the rowling year;

VER. 34. The first reading was,
And his own Image from the bank surveys.

VER. 36. *And clusters lurk beneath the curling vines.*

IMITATIONS.

35, 36. *Lenta quibus torno facili superaddita vitis,
Diffusæ edera vestit pallenti corymbos. Virg.*

38. *The various Seasons.*] The Subject of these Pastorals engraven on the bowl is not without its propriety. The Shepherd's hesitation at the name of the *Zodiac*, imitates that in *Virgil*,

— *Et quis fuit alter?
Descripsit radio totam qui gentibus orbem.*

And

PASTORALS.

31

And what is that, which binds the radiant sky,
Where twelve bright Signs in beauteous order lie? 40

D A M O N.

Then sing by turns, by turns the Muses sing,
Now hawthorns blossom, now the daïsies spring,
Now leaves the trees, and flow'rs adorn the ground;
Begin, the vales shall ev'ry note rebound.

S T R E P H O N.

Inspire me, *Phæbus*, in my *Delia's* praise 45
With *Waller's* strains, or *Granville's* moving lays!
A milk-white bull shall at your altars stand,
That threatens a fight, and spurns the rising sand.

D A P H N I S.

O Love! for *Sylvia* let me gain the prize,
And make my tongue victorious as her eyes; 50
No lambs or sheep for victims I'll impart,
Thy victim, Love, shall be the shepherds heart.

VER. 41. *Then sing by turns.*] Literally from *Virgil*,
Alternis dicetis, amant alterna Camænae:
Et nunc omnis ager, nunc omnis parturit arbos,
Nunc frondent sylvæ, nunc formosissimus annus.

VER. 46. *Granville—*] *George Granville*, afterwards
Lord *Lansdown*, known for his Poems, most of which
he compos'd very young, and propos'd *Waller* as his
model.

VER. 47. *A milk-white bull.*] *Virg.*—*Pascite taurum,*
Qui cornu petat, & pedibus jam spargat arenam.

S T R E

STREPHON.

Me gentle *Delia* beckons from the plain,
Then hid in shades, eludes her eager swain;
But feigns a laugh, to see me search around,
And by that laugh the willing fair is found.

55

DAPHNIS.

The sprightly *Sylvia* trips along the green,
She runs, but hopes she does not run unseen;
While a kind glance at her pursuer flies,
How much at variance are her feet and eyes!

60

STREPHON.

O'er golden sands let rich *Pætolus* flow,
And trees weep amber on the banks of *Po*;
Blest *Thames's* shores the brightest beauties yield,
Feed here my lambs, I'll seek no distant field.

DAPHNIS.

Celestial *Venus* haunts *Idalia's* groves;
Diana Cynthus, *Ceres Hybla* loves;
If *Windsor-shades* delight the matchless maid,
Cynthus and *Hybla* yield to *Windsor-shade*.

65

VER. 61. It stood thus at first,

*Let rich Iberia golden fleeces boast,
Her purple wool the proud Assyrian coast,
Blest Thames's shores, &c.*

VER. 58. *She runs, but hopes.*] Imitation of *Virgil*,

*Malo me Galatea petit, lasciva puella;
Et fugit ad salices, sed se cupit ante videri.*

STRE-

PASTORALS.

33

STREPHON.

All nature mourns, the skies relent in show'rs,
Hush'd are the birds, and clos'd the drooping flow'rs;
If *Delia* smile, the flow'rs begin to spring, 71
The skies to brighten, and the birds to sing.

DAPHNIS.

All nature laughs, the groves are fresh and fair,
The Sun's mild lustre warms the vital air;
If *Sylvia* smiles, new glories gild the shore, 75
And vanquish'd nature seems to charm no more.

STREPHON.

In spring the fields, in autumn hills I love;
At morn the plains, at noon the shady grove,
But *Delia* always; absent from her sight,
Nor plains at morn, nor groves at noon delight. 80

DAPHNIS.

Sylvia's like autumn ripe, yet mild as *May*,
More bright than noon, yet fresh as early day;

VER. 69. *All nature mourns.*]

Virg. *Aret ager, vitio moriens fitit aëris herba, &c.*
Phyllidis adventu nostræ nemus omne virebit—

VER. 69, &c. These verses were thus at first;

*All nature mourns, the birds their songs deny,
Nor wasted brooks the thirsty flow'rs supply;
If Delia smile, the flow'rs begin to spring,
The brooks to murmur, and the birds to sing.*

VOL. I.

C

Ev'n

Ev'n spring displeases, when ~~she~~ shines not here;
But blest with her, 'tis spring throughout the year.

STREPHON.

Say, shepherd, say, in what glad soil appears 85
A wond'rous Tree that sacred Monarchs bears?
Tell me but this, and I'll disclaim the prize,
And give the conquest to thy *Sylvia's* eyes.

DAPHNIS.

Nay tell me first, in what more happy fields
The Thistle springs, to which the Lilly yields? 90
And then a nobler prize I will resign;
For *Sylvia*, charming *Sylvia*, shall be thine.

DAMON.

Cease to contend, for (*Daphnis*) I decree
The bowl to *Strephon*, and the lamb to thee:

VER. 86. *A wond'rous Tree that sacred Monarchs bears.*] An allusion to the Royal Oak, in which *Charles* the second had been hid from the pursuit after the battle of *Worcester*.

VER. 90. *The Thistle springs, to which the Lilly yields,*] alludes to the Device of the *Scots* Monarchs, the *Thistle*, worn by *Queen Anne*; and to the Arms of *France*, the *Fleur de Lys*. The two Riddles are in imitation of those in *Virg. Ecl. 3*.

*Dic quibus in terris inscripti nomina Regum
Nascuntur Flores, & Phyllida solus habebis.*

Blest

Blest Swains, whose nymphs in ev'ry grace excel, 95
 Blest Nymphs, whose swains those graces sing so well!
 Now rise and haste to yonder woodbine bow'rs,
 A soft retreat from sudden vernal show'rs;
 The turf with rural dainties shall be crown'd,
 While opening blooms diffuse their sweets around.
 For see! the gath'ring flocks to shelter tend, 101
 And from the *Pleiads* fruitful show'rs descend.

VER. 99. was originally,

*The turf with country dainties shall be spread,
 And trees with twining branches shade your head.*

S U M M E R.
T H E
S E C O N D P A S T O R A L.

To Dr. GARTH.

A Shepherd's Boy (he seeks no better name)
Led forth his flocks along the silver *Thame*,
Where dancing sun-beams on the waters play'd,
And verdant alders form'd a quiv'ring shade.

VER. 3. The Scene of this Pastoral by the River's
side; suitable to the heat of the season; the Time,
Noon.

VER. 1, 2, 3, 4. were thus printed in the first edi-
tion;

*A faithful swain, whom Love had taught to sing,
Bewail'd his fate beside a silver spring;
Where gentle Thames his winding waters leads,
Thro' verdant forests, and thro' flow'ry meads.*

There

There while he mourn'd, the streams forgot to flow, 5
 The flocks around a dumb compassion show,
 The *Naiads* wept in ev'ry wat'ry bow'r,
 And *Jove* consented in a silent show'r.

Accept, O *Garth*, the Muse's early lays,
 That adds this wreath of Ivy to thy Bays; 10
 Hear what from Love unpractis'd hearts endure,
 From Love, the sole disease thou canst not cure.

Ye shady beeches, and ye cooling streams,
 Defence from *Phæbus*, not from *Cupid's* beams,
 To you I mourn, nor to the deaf I sing, 15
 The woods shall answer, and their echo ring.
 The hills and rocks attend my doleful lay,
 Why art thou prouder and more hard than they?

VER. 8. *And Jove consented.*]

Virg. *Jupiter & læto descendet plurimus imbri.*

VER. 9.] Dr. Samuel Garth, Author of the *Dispensary*, was one of the first friends of the author, whose acquaintance with him began at fourteen or fifteen. Their friendship continu'd from the year 1703, to 1718, which was that of his death.

VER. 15.—*Nor to the deaf I sing—*]

Non canimus surdis, respondent omnia sylvæ. Virg.

VER. 16. *The woods shall answer, and their echo ring,* is a line out of *Spenser's Epithalamion*.

The bleating sheep with my complaints agree,
 They parch'd with heat, and I inflam'd by thee. 20
 The sultry *Sirius* burns the thirsty plains,
 While in thy heart eternal winter reigns.

Where stray ye Muses, in what lawn or grove,
 While your *Alexis* pines in hopeless love?
 In those fair fields where sacred *Ifis* glides, 25
 Or else where *Cam* his winding vales divides?
 As in the crystal spring I view my face,
 Fresh rising blushes paint the wat'ry glass;
 But since those graces please thy eyes no more,
 I shun the fountains which I sought before. 30
 Once I was skill'd in ev'ry herb that grew,
 And ev'ry plant that drinks the morning dew;

VER. 23. *Where stray ye Muses, &c.*]

*Quæ nemora, aut qui vos saltus habuere, puellæ
 Naiades, indigno cum Gallus amore periret?
 Nam neque Parnassî vobis juga, nam neque Pindi
 Ulla moram fecere, neque Aonia Aganippe.*

Virg. out of Theoc.

VER. 27. *Oft in the crystal spring I cast a view,
 And equal'd Hylas, if the glass be true;
 But since those graces meet my eyes no more,
 I shun, &c.*

Virgil again from the Cyclops of Theocritus,

*————— nuper me in littore vidi
 Cum placidum ventis flaret mare, non ego Daphnim
 Judice te, metuam, si nunquam fallat imago.*

Ah

PASTORALS.

39

Ah wretched shepherd, what avails thy art,
To cure thy lambs, but not to heal thy heart!

Let other swains attend the rural care, 35
Feed fairer flocks, or richer fleeces share:
But nigh yon' mountain let me tune my lays,
Embrace my Love, and bind my brows with bays.
That flute is mine which *Colin's* tuneful breath
Inspir'd when living, and bequeath'd in death; 40
He said; *Alexis*, take this pipe, the same
That taught the groves my *Rosalinda's* name:
But now the reeds shall hang on yonder tree,
For ever silent, since despis'd by thee.
Oh! were I made by some transforming pow'r 45
The captive bird that sings within thy bow'r!
Then might my voice thy listning ears employ,
And I those kisses he receives, enjoy.

And yet my numbers please the rural throng,
Rough *Satyrs* dance, and *Pan* applauds the song: 50
The Nymphs forsaking ev'ry cave and spring,
Their early fruit, and milk-white turtles bring;

VER. 39. *Colin.*] The name taken by *Spenser* in his
Eclogues, where his mistress is celebrated under that of
Rosalinda.

VER. 40. *Virg. Ecl. 2.*

*Est mihi disparibus septem compacta cicutis
Fistula, Dametas dono mihi quam dedit olim
Et dixit moriens, Te nunc habet ista secundum.*

Each am'rous nymph prefers her gifts in vain,
 On you their gifts are all bestow'd again.
 For you the swains the fairest flow'rs design,
 And in one garland all their beauties join;
 Accept the wreath which you deserve alone,
 In whom all beauties are compriz'd in one.

55

See what delights in sylvan scenes appear!
 Descending Gods have found *Elyzium* here.
 In woods bright *Venus* with *Adonis* stray'd,
 And chaste *Diana* haunts the forest-shade.
 Come, lovely nymph, and bless the silent hours,
 When swains from sheering seek their nightly bow'rs;
 When weary reapers quit the sultry field,
 And crown'd with corn, their thanks to *Ceres* yield.
 This harmless grove no lurking viper hides,
 But in my breast the serpent Love abides.
 Here bees from blossoms sip the rosy dew,
 But your *Alexis* knows no sweet but you.
 Oh deign to visit our forsaken seats,
 The mossy fountains, and the green retreats!
 Where-e'er you walk, cool gales shall fan the glade,
 Trees, where you sit, shall croud into a shade;
 Where-e'er you tread, the blushing flow'rs shall rise,
 And all things flourish where you turn your eyes.
 Oh! how I long with you to pass my days,
 Invoke the Muses, and resound your praise!

60

65

70

76

VER. 6c. *Descending Gods have found Elyzium here.*]

—*Habitarunt Dī quoque sylvas*— Virg.

Et formosus oves ad flumina pavit Adonis. Idem.
 Your

Your praise the birds shall chant in ev'ry grove,
 And winds shall waft it to the pow'rs above. 80
 But would you sing, and rival *Orpheus'* strain,
 The wond'ring forests soon should dance again,
 The moving mountains hear the pow'rful call,
 And headlong streams hang list'ning in their fall!
 But see, the shepherds shun the noon-day heat, 85
 The lowing herds to murm'ring brooks retreat,
 To closer shades the panting flocks remove;
 Ye Gods! and is there no relief for Love?
 But soon the sun with milder rays descends
 To the cool ocean, where his journey ends: 90
 On me love's fiercer flames for ever prey,
 By night he scorches, as he burns by day.

VER. 79, 80.

*Your praise the tuneful birds to heav'n shall bear,
 And list'ning wolves grow milder as they hear.*

VER. 80. *And winds shall waft—*]

Partem aliquam, venti, divūm referatis ad aures!
 Virg.

VER. 88.

Me tamen urit amor, quis enim modus adfit amori?
 Id.

VER. 91. *Me love inflames, nor will his fires allay.*

AUTUMN.

A U T U M N.
THE
THIRD PASTORAL.
To Mr. WYCHERLEY.

Beneath the shade a spreading Beech displays,
Hylas and *Ægon* sung their rural lays,
This mourn'd a faithless, that an absent Love,
And *Delia's* name and *Doris* fill'd the Grove.
Ye *Mantuan* nymphs, your sacred succour bring; 5
Hylas and *Ægon's* rural lays I sing.

Thou, whom the Nine with *Plautus'* wit inspire,
The art of *Terence*, and *Menander's* fire;
Whose sense instructs us, and whose humour charms,
Whose judgment sways us, and whose spirit warms! 10
Oh, skill'd in Nature! see the hearts of Swains,
Their artless passions, and their tender pains.

This Pastoral consists of two parts, like the 8th of
Virgil: The Scene, a Hill; the Time, at Sun-set.

Now

Now setting *Phæbus* shone serenely bright,
 And fleecy clouds were streak'd with purple light;
 When tuneful *Hylas* with melodious moan 15
 Taught rocks to weep, and made the mountains groan.

Go, gentle gales, and bear my sighs away!
 To *Delia's* ear the tender notes convey.
 As some sad Turtle his lost love deplores,
 And with deep murmurs fills the sounding shores; 20
 Thus, far from *Delia*, to the winds I mourn,
 Alike unheard, unpity'd, and forlorn.

Go, gentle gales, and bear my sighs along!
 For her, the feather'd quires neglect their song;
 For her, the lymes their pleasing shades deny; 25
 For her, the lillies hang their heads and die.
 Ye flow'rs that droop, forsaken by the spring,
 Ye birds, that left by summer, cease to sing,
 Ye trees that fade when autumn-heats remove,
 Say, is not absence death to those who love? 30

Go, gentle gales, and bear my sighs away!
 Curs'd be the fields that cause my *Delia's* stay;
 Fade ev'ry blossom, wither ev'ry tree,
 Die ev'ry flow'r, and perish all, but she.
 What have I said? where'er my *Delia* flies, 35
 Let spring attend, and sudden flow'rs arise;
 Let opening roses knotted oaks adorn,
 And liquid amber drop from ev'ry thorn.

VER. 37. ——— *Aurea duræ*

Mala ferent quercus, narcisso floreat alnus,

Pinguia corticibus sudant electra myricæ.

Virg. Ecl. 8.

Go,

Go, gentle gales, and bear my sighs along!
 The birds shall cease to tune their ev'ning song, 40
 The winds to breathe, the waving woods to move,
 And streams to murmur, e'er I cease to love.
 Not bubbling fountains to the thirsty swain,
 Not balmy sleep to lab'ers faint with pain,
 Not show'rs to larks, or sunshine to the bee, 45
 Are half so charming, as thy sight to me.

Go, gentle gales, and bear my sighs away!
 Come, *Delia*, come; ah, why this long delay?
 Thro' rocks and caves the name of *Delia* sounds,
Delia, each cave and echoing rock rebounds. 50
 Ye pow'rs, what pleasing frenzy sooths my mind!
 Do lovers dream, or is my *Delia* kind?

She comes, my *Delia* comes!—Now cease my lay,
 And cease, ye gales, to bear my sighs away!

Next *Ægon* sung, while *Windsor* groves admir'd, 55
 Rehearse, ye Muses, what yourselves inspir'd.

Resound, ye hills, resound my mournful strain!
 Of perjur'd *Doris*, dying I complain:
 Here where the mountains less'ning as they rise
 Lose the low vales, and steal into the skies: 60

VER. 43, &c.]

*Quale sopor sessis in gramine, quale per æstum
 Dulcis aqua saliente sitim restinguere rivo.*

Ecl. 5.

VER. 52.—*An qui amant, ipsi sibi somnia fingunt?*

Id. 8.

While

While lab'ring oxen, spent with toil and heat,
In their loose traces from the field retreat :
While curling smoaks from village-tops are seen,
And the fleet shades glide o'er the dusky green.

Resound, ye hills, resound my mournful lay ! 65
Beneath yon' poplar oft we past the day :

Oft' on the rind I carv'd her am'rous vows,
While she with garlands hung the bending boughs :
The garlands fade, the vows are worn away ;
So dies her love, and so my hopes decay. 70

Resound, ye hills, resound my mournful strain !
Now bright *Arcturus* glads the teeming grain,
Now golden fruits on loaded branches shine,
And grateful clusters swell with floods of wine ;
Now blushing berries paint the yellow grove ; 75
Just Gods ! shall all things yield returns but love ?

Resound, ye hills, resound my mournful lay !
The shepherds cry, " Thy flocks are left a prey —
Ah ! what avails it me, the flocks to keep,
Who lost my heart while I preserv'd my sheep. 80
Pan came, and ask'd, what magic caus'd my smart,
Or what ill eyes malignant glances dart ?
What eyes but hers, alas, have pow'r to move !
And is there magic but what dwells in love ?

VER. 64. *And the fleet shades fly gliding o'er the green.*

VER. 82. *Or what ill eyes.* }

Nescio quis teneros oculus mihi fascinat agnos.

VER. 83. *What eyes but hers, alas, have pow' er on me !*

Oh mighty Love ! what magic is like thee !

Re.

Resound, ye hills, resound my mournful strains! 85
 I'll fly from shepherds, flocks, and flow'ry plains.—
 From shepherds, flocks, and plains, I may remove,
 Forsake mankind, and all the world—but love!
 I know thee, Love! wild as the raging main,
 More fell than tygers on the *Lybian* plain: 90

Thou wert from *Ætna's* burning entrails torn,
 Got by fierce whirlwinds, and in thunder born!
 Resound, ye hills, resound my mournful lay!
 Farewell, ye woods! adieu the light of day!
 One leap from yonder cliff shall end my pains. 95
 No more, ye hills, no more resound my strains!

Thus sung the shepherds till th' approach of night,
 The skies yet blushing with departing light,
 When falling dews with spangles deck'd the glade,
 And the low sun had lengthen'd ev'ry shade. 100

VER. 89. *Nunc scio quid sit amor, duris in cotibus illum,*
 &c.

WINTER.

W I N T E R.
T H E
F O U R T H P A S T O R A L.

To the Memory of Mrs. *TEMPEST.

LYCIDAS.

*T*Hyrsis, the music of that murm'ring spring,
Is not so mournful as the strains you sing.
Nor rivers winding thro' the vales below,
So sweetly warble, or so smoothly flow.

* This Lady was particularly admired by the Author's friend Mr. *Walsh*, who having celebrated her in a Pastoral Elegy, desired his friend to do the same. Her death happening on the night of the great storm in 1702, gave a propriety to this eclogue, which in its general turn alludes to it. The Scene of this Pastoral lies in a grove, the Time at midnight.

Now

Now sleeping flocks on their soft fleeces lie,
 The moon, serene in glory, mounts the sky,
 While silent birds forget their tuneful lays,
 Oh sing of *Daphne's* fate, and *Daphne's* praise!

5

THYRSIS.

Behold the groves that shine with silver frost,
 Their beauty wither'd, and their verdure lost.
 Here shall I try the sweet *Alexis's* strain,
 That call'd the list'ning *Dryads* to the plain?
Thames heard the numbers as he flow'd along,
 And bade his willows learn the moving song.

10

LYCIDAS.

So may kind rains their vital moisture yield,
 And swell the future harvest of thy field.
 Begin; this charge the dying *Daphne* gave,
 And said; "Ye shepherds, sing around my grave!
 Sing, while beside the shaded tomb I mourn,
 And with fresh bays her rural shrine adorn.

15

20

THYRSIS.

Ye gentle Muses leave your crystal spring,
 Let Nymphs and Sylvans cypress garlands bring;

VER. 5, 6. *In the warm folds the tender flocks remain;
 The cattle slumber on the silent plain,
 While silent birds neglect their tuneful lays;
 Let us, dear Thyrsis, sing of Daphne's praise.*

VER. 13. *Thames heard.]*

Audiit Eurotas, iussitque ediscere lauros. Virg.

Ye

Ye weeping Loves, the stream with myrtles hide;
 And break your bows, as when *Adonis* dy'd;
 And with your golden darts, now useless grown, 25
 Inscribe a verse on this relenting stone:

" Let nature change, let heav'n and earth deplore,

" Fair *Daphne's* dead, and love is now no more!

'Tis done, and nature's various charms decay;
 See gloomy clouds obscure the chearful day! 30

Now hung with pearls the dropping trees appear,

Their faded honours scatter'd on her bier.

See, where on earth the flow'ry glories lie,

With her they flourish'd, and with her they die.

Ah what avail the beauties nature wore? 35

Fair *Daphne's* dead, and beauty is no more!

For her, the flocks refuse their verdant food,

Nor thirsty heifers seek the gliding flood.

The silver swans her hapless fate bemoan,

In notes more sad than when they sing their own; 40

In hollow caves sweet Echo silent lies,

Silent, or only to her name replies,

Her name with pleasure once she taught the shore,

Now *Daphne's* dead, and pleasure is no more!

VER. 23, 24, 25. — *Inducite fontibus umbras* —

Et tumulum facite, & tumulo superaddite carmen.

VER. 38. For her the flocks the dewy herbs disdain,
 Nor hungry heifers graze the tender plain.

VOL. I. D No

No grateful dews descend from ev'ning skies, 45
 Nor morning odours from the flow'rs arise;
 No rich perfumes refresh the fruitful field,
 Nor fragrant herbs their native incense yield.
 The balmy Zephyrs, silent since her death,
 Lament the ceasing of a sweeter breath; 50
 Th' industrious bees neglect their golden store;
 Fair *Daphne's* dead, and sweetness is no more!

No more the mounting larks, while *Daphne* sings,
 Shall list'ning in mid air suspend their wings;
 No more the nightingales repeat her lays, 55
 Or hush'd with wonder, hearken from the sprays;
 No more the streams their murmurs shall forbear,
 A sweeter music than their own to hear,
 But tell the reeds, and tell the vocal shore,
 Fair *Daphne's* dead, and music is no more! 60

Her fate is whisper'd by the gentle breeze,
 And told in sighs to all the trembling trees;
 The trembling trees, in ev'ry plain and wood,
 Her fate remurmur to the silver flood;
 The silver flood, so lately calm, appears 65
 Swell'd with new passion, and o'erflows with tears;
 The winds and trees and floods her death deplore,
Daphne, our grief! our glory now no more!

But see! where *Daphne* wond'ring mounts on high,
 Above the clouds, above the starry sky! 70

VER. 69, 70.—*miratur limen Olympi,*
Sub pedibusque vidit nubes & sidera Daphnis. Virg.
 Eternal

PASTORALS.

51

Eternal beauties grace the shining scene,
Fields ever fresh, and groves for ever green!
There while you rest in *Amaranthine* bow'rs,
Or from those meads select unfading flow'rs,
Behold us kindly who your name implore, 75
Daphne, our Goddess, and our grief no more!

LYCIDAS.

How all things listen, while thy Muse complains!
Such silence waits on *Philomela's* strains,
In some still ev'ning, when the whisp'ring breeze
Pants on the leaves, and dies upon the trees. 80
To thee, bright goddess, oft' a lamb shall bleed,
If teeming ewes encrease my fleecy breed.
While plants their shade, or flow'rs their odours give,
Thy name, thy honour, and thy praise shall live!

THYRSIS.

See pale *Orion* sheds unwholesome dews, 85
Arise, the pines a noxious shade diffuse;
Sharp *Boreas* blows, and Nature feels decay,
Time conquers all, and we must Time obey.
Adieu ye vales, ye mountains, streams and groves,
Adieu ye shepherd's rural lays and loves; 90

VER. 81. ————— *illius aram*
Sæpe tener nostris ab ovilibus imbuet agnus. Virg.
VER. 86. ————— *solet esse gravis cantantibus umbra,*
Juniperi gravis umbra ————— Virg.

Adieu my flocks, farewell ye sylvan crew,
Daphne farewell, and all the world adieu!

VER. 89, &c.] These four last lines allude to the several *Subjects* of the four Pastorals, and to the several *Scenes* of them, particularized before in each.

MESSIAH.

MESSIAH.

Sacred Eclogue,

In imitation of

VIRGIL's POLLIO.

ADVERTISEMENT.

IN reading several passages of the Prophet *Isaiab*, which foretell the coming of Christ and the felicities attending it, I could not but observe a remarkable parity between many of the thoughts, and those in the *Pollio* of *Virgil*. This will not seem surprizing, when we reflect, that the Eclogue was taken from a *Sibylline* prophecy on the same subject. One may judge that *Virgil* did not copy it line by line, but selected such ideas as best agreed with the nature of pastoral poetry, and disposed them in that manner which serv'd most to beautify his piece. I have endeavour'd the same in this imitation of him, tho' without admitting any thing of my own; since it was written with this particular view, that the reader by comparing the several thoughts, might see how far the images and descriptions of the Prophet are superior to those of the Poet. But as I fear I have prejudiced them by my management, I shall subjoin the passages of *Isaiab*, and those of *Virgil*, under the same disadvantage of a literal translation.

M E S S I A H.

A

SACRED ECLOGUE,

In imitation of VIRGIL's POLLIO.

YE Nymphs of *Solyra*! begin the song:
To heav'nly themes sublimer strains belong.
The mossy fountains, and the sylvan shades,
The dreams of *Pindus* and th' *Aonian* maids,
Delight no more——O thou my voice inspire 5
Who touch'd *Isaiah*'s hallow'd lips with fire!
Rapt into future times, the Bard begun,
A Virgin shall conceive, a Virgin bear a Son!

From

VER. 8. *A Virgin shall conceive——All crimes shall
cease, &c.]*

VIRG. E. 4. v. 6. *Jam redit & Virgo, redeunt Satur-
nia regna,*

*Jam nova progenies cælo demittitur alto——
Te duce, si qua manent sceleris vestigia nostri,*

D 4

Irrita

From ¹ Jesse's root behold a branch arise,
 Whose sacred flow'r with fragrance fills the skies : 10
 Th' Æthereal spirit o'er its leaves shall move,
 And on its top descends the mystic Dove.
 Ye ² heav'ns! from high the dewy nectar pour,
 And in soft silence shed the kindly show'r!
 The ³ sick and weak the healing plant shall aid, 15
 From storms a shelter, and from heat a shade.
 All crimes shall cease, and ancient fraud shall fail;
 Returning ⁴ Justice lift aloft her scale;
 Peace o'er the world her olive wand extend,
 And white-rob'd Innocence from heav'n descend. 20

Irrita perpetua solvent formidine terras—
 Pacatumque reget patriis virtutibus orbem.

Now the Virgin returns, now the kingdom of Saturn returns, now a new Progeny is sent down from high heaven. By means of thee, whatever reliques of our crimes remain, shall be wiped away, and free the world from perpetual fears. He shall govern the earth in peace, with the virtues of his Father.

ISAIAH, Ch. 7. v. 14. Behold a Virgin shall conceive, and bear a Son——Ch. 9. v. 6, 7. Unto us a Child is born, unto us a Son is given; the Prince of Peace: of the increase of his government, and of his peace, there shall be no end: Upon the throne of David, and upon his kingdom, to order and to stablish it, with judgment, and with justice, for ever and ever.

Swift

¹ Isaiah, ch. 11. v. 1.

² Ch. 45. v. 8.

³ Ch. 25. v. 4

⁴ Ch. 9. v. 7.

Swift fly the years, and rise th' expected morn!
 Oh spring to light, auspicious Babe, be born!
 See Nature hastes her earliest wreaths to bring,
 With all the incense of the breathing spring:
 See lofty *Lebanon* his head advance, 25
 See nodding forests on the mountains dance;
 See spicy clouds from lowly *Saron* rise,
 And *Carmel's* flow'ry top perfumes the skies!
 Hark! a glad voice the lonely desert cheers;
 Prepare the way! a God, a God appears: 30

A

VER. 23. *See Nature hastes, &c.*]

VIRG. E. 4. v. 18. At tibi prima, puer, nullo munus-
 cula cultu,

Errantes hederas passim cum baccare tellus,

Mixtaque ridenti colocasia fundet acantho—

Ipsa tibi blandos fundent cunabula flores.

For thee, O Child, shall the earth, without being tilled, produce her early offerings; winding ivy mixed with Baccar, and Colocasia with smiling Acanthus. Thy cradle shall pour forth pleasing flowers about thee.

ISAIAH, Ch. 35. v. 1. *The wilderness and the solitary place shall be glad, and the desert shall rejoice and blossom as the rose.* Ch. 60. v. 13. *The glory of Lebanon shall come unto thee, the fir-tree, the pine-tree, and the box together, to beautify the place of thy Sanctuary.*

VER. 29. *Hark! a glad voice, &c.*]

VIRG. E. 4. v. 46. Aggredere ô magnos, aderit jam
 tempus, honores,

Cara

Ch. 35. v. 2. Ch. 40. v. 3, 4.

A God; a God! the vocal hills reply,
 The rocks proclaim th'approaching Deity.
 Lo, earth receives him from the bending skies!
 Sink down ye mountains, and ye valleys rise,
 With heads declin'd, ye cedars, homage pay; 35
 Be smooth ye rocks, ye rapid floods give way!
 The Saviour comes! by ancient bards foretold;
 Hear ⁷ him, ye deaf, and all ye blind, behold!
 He from thick films shall purge the visual ray,
 And on the sightless eye-ball pour the day: 40

Cara deum soboles, magnum Jovis incrementum—
 Ipsi lætitia voces ad sidera jactant
 Intonsi montes, ipsæ jam carmina rupes,
 Ipsa sonant arbusta, Deus, deus ille Menalca!

—odinece tobant illa qv the bit E. 5. v. 62.

*Oh come and receive the mighty honours: the time
 draws nigh, O beloved offspring of the Gods, O great
 increase of Jove! The uncultivated mountains send shouts
 of joy to the stars, the very rocks sing in verse, the very
 shrubs cry out, A God, a God!*

ISAIAH, Ch. 40. v. 3, 4. *The voice of him that
 crieth in the wilderness, Prepare ye the way of the Lord!
 make strait in the desert a high way for our God! Every
 valley shall be exalted, and every mountain and hill shall
 be made low, and the crooked shall be made strait, and
 the rough places plain. Ch. 4. v. 23. Break forth into
 singing, ye mountains! O forest, and every tree therein!
 for the Lord hath redeemed Israel.*

'Tis

⁷ Ch. 42. v. 18. Ch. 35. . 5, 6.

'Tis he th'obstructed paths of sound shall clear,
 And bid new music charm th' unfolding ear:
 The dumb shall sing, the lame his crutch forego,
 And leap exulting like the bounding roe.
 No sigh, no murmur the wide world shall hear, 45
 From ev'ry face he wipes off ev'ry tear,
 In ⁸ adamant chains shall Death be bound,
 And Hell's grim Tyrant feel th' eternal wound.
 As the good ⁹ shepherd tends his fleecy care,
 Seeks freshest pasture and the purest air, 50
 Explores the lost, the wand'ring sheep directs,
 By day o'ersees them, and by night protects,
 The tender lambs he raises in his arms,
 Feeds from his hand, and in his bosom warms;
 Thus shall mankind his guardian care engage, 55
 The promis'd ¹⁰ father of the future age.
 No more shall ¹¹ nation against nation rise,
 Nor ardent warriors meet with hateful eyes,
 Nor fields with gleaming steel be cover'd o'er,
 The brazen trumpets kindle rage no more: 60
 But useless lances into scythes shall bend,
 And the broad faulchion in a plow-share end.
 Then palaces shall rise; the joyful ¹² Son
 Shall finish what his short-liv'd Sire begun;

⁸ Ch. 25. v. 8.⁹ Ch. 40. v. 11.¹⁰ Ch. 9. v. 6.¹¹ Ch. 2. v. 4.¹² Ch. 65. v. 21, 22.

Their vines a shadow to their race shall yield, 65
 And the same hand that sow'd, shall reap the field.
 The swain in barren ¹³ desarts with surprize
 See lillies spring, and sudden verdure rise;
 And starts, amidst the thirsty wilds to hear
 New falls of water murm'ring in his ear. 70
 On rifted rocks, the dragon's late abodes,
 The green reed trembles, and the bulrush nods.
 Waste sandy ¹⁴ valleys, once perplex'd with thorn,
 The spiry fir and shapely box adorn;
 To leafless shrubs the flow'ring palms succeed, 75
 And od'rous myrtle to the noisom weed.

VER. 67. *The swain in barren desarts, &c.]*

VIRG. E. 4. v. 28. *Molli paulatim flavescit campus
arista,*

*Incultisque rubens pendebit sentibus uva,
Et duræ quercus sudabunt roscida mella.*

*The field shall grow yellow with ripen'd ears, and the
red grape shall hang upon the wild brambles, and the hard
oaks shall distill honey like dew.*

ISAIAH, Ch. 35. v. 7. *The parched ground shall be-
come a pool, and the thirsty land springs of water: In the
habitations where dragons lay, shall be grass, and reeds,
and rushes. Ch. 55. v. 13. Instead of the thorn shall
come up the fir-tree, and instead of the briar shall come
up the myrtle-tree.*

The

¹³ Ch. 35. v. 1, 7.

¹⁴ Ch. 41. v. 19. and Ch. 55. v. 13.

The ¹⁵ lambs with wolves shall graze the verdant mead,
 And boys in flow'ry bands the tyger lead;
 The steer and lion at one crib shall meet,
 And harmless ¹⁶ serpents lick the pilgrim's feet. 80
 The smiling infant in his hand shall take
 The crested basilisk and speckled snake,
 Pleas'd the green luitre of the scales survey,
 And with their forky tongue shall innocently play.
 Rise, crown'd with light, imperial ¹⁷ Salem rise! 85
 Exalt thy tow'ry head, and lift thy eyes!

See,

VER. 77. *The lambs with wolves, &c.]*

VIRG. E. 4. v. 21. Ipsæ lacte domum referent distenta
 capellæ

Ubera, nec magnos metuent armenta leones——

Occidet & serpens, & fallax herba veneni

Occidet.——

*The goats shall bear to the fold their udders distended
 with milk: nor shall the herds be afraid of the greatest
 lions. The serpent shall die, and the herb that conceals
 poison shall die.*

ISAIAH, Ch. 11. v. 16, &c. *The wolf shall dwell
 with the lamb, and the leopard shall lie down with the
 kid, and the calf and the young lion and the fatling toge-
 ther; and a little child shall lead them——And the
 lion shall eat straw like the ox. And the sucking child
 shall play on the hole of the asp, and the weaned child
 shall put his hand on the den of the cockatrice.*

VER. 85. Rise crown'd with light, &c.]

The

¹⁵ Ch. 11. v. 6, 7, 8.

¹⁶ Ch. 65. v. 25.

¹⁷ Ch. 60. v. 1.

See, a long ¹⁸ race thy spacious courts adorn;
 See future sons, and daughters yet unborn,
 In crouding ranks on ev'ry side arise,
 Demanding life, impatient for the skies! 90
 See barb'rous ¹⁹ nations at thy gates attend,
 Walk in thy light, and in thy temple bend;
 See thy bright altars throng'd with prostrate kings,
 And heap'd with products of ²⁰ *Sabaean* springs!
 For thee *Idume's* spicy forests blow, 95
 And seeds of gold in *Ophyr's* mountains glow.
 See heav'n its sparkling portals wide display,
 And break upon thee in a flood of day!
 No more the rising ²¹ Sun shall gild the morn,
 Nor ev'ning *Cynthia* fill her silver horn, 100
 But lost, dissolv'd in thy superior rays,
 One tyde of glory, one unclouded blaze

The thoughts of *Isaiab*, which compose the latter
 part of the poem, are wonderfully elevated, and much
 above those general exclamations of *Virgil*, which make
 the loftiest parts of his *Pollio*.

Magnus ab integro sæclorum nascitur ordo!

————— *toto surget gens aurea mundo!*

————— *incipient magni procedere menses!*

Aspice, venturo lætentur ut omnia sæclo! &c.

The reader needs only turn to the passages of *Isaiab*,
 here cited.

O'erflow

¹⁸ Ch. 60. v. 4.

²⁰ Ch. 60. v. 6.

¹⁹ Ch. 60. v. 3.

²¹ Ch. 60. v. 19, 20.

O'erflow thy courts: The Light himself shall shine
Reveal'd, and God's eternal day be thine!
The ²² seas shall waste, the skies in smoke decay, 105
Rocks fall to dust, and mountains melt away;
But fix'd his word, his saving pow'r remains;
Thy realm for ever lasts, thy own *Messiah* reigns!

²² Ch. 51. v. 6. and Ch. 54. v. 10.

WINDSOR.

WINDSOR-FOREST.

To the Right Honourable

GEORGE *Lord* LANSDOWN.

*Non injussa cano: Te nostræ Vare myricæ
Te Nemus omne canet; nec Phæbo gratior ulla est
Quam sibi quæ Vari præscripsit pagina nomen.*

VIRG.

VOL. I.

E

WIND-FOREST

TO THE HON. SECRETARY OF THE INTERIOR

GEORGE L. BROWN

WIND-FOREST, CALIFORNIA
JANUARY 1, 1900

WINDSOR-FOREST.

To the Right Honourable

GEORGE *Lord* LANSDOWN.

THY forests, *Windsor* ! and thy green retreats,
At once the Monarch's and the Muse's seats,
Invite my lays. Be present, sylvan maids !
Unlock your springs, and open all your shades.
Granville commands ; your aid O Muses bring ! 5
What Muse for *Granville* can refuse to sing ?
The groves of *Eden*, vanish'd now so long,
Live in description, and look green in song :

This Poem was written at two different times : the first part of it which relates to the country, in the year 1704, at the same time with the Pastorals : the latter part was not added till the year 1710, in which it was publish'd.

VER. 3, &c. originally thus,

— Chaste Goddess of the woods,
Nymphs of the vales, and Naiads of the floods,
Lead me thro' arching bow'rs, and glimm'ring glades.
E 2 These,

These, were my breast inspir'd with equal flame,
 Like them in beauty, should be like in fame. 10
 Here hills and vales, the woodland and the plain,
 Here earth and water, seem to strive again;
 Not *Chaos* like together crush'd and bruis'd,
 But as the world, harmoniously confus'd:
 Where order in variety we see, 15
 And where, tho' all things differ, all agree.
 Here waving groves a checquer'd scene display,
 And part admit, and part exclude the day;
 As some coy nymph her lover's warm address
 Nor quite indulges, nor can quite repress. 20
 There, interspers'd in lawns and opening glades,
 Thin trees arise that shun each other's shades.
 Here in full light the russet plains extend;
 There wrapt in clouds the blueish hills ascend.
 Ev'n the wild heath displays her purple dyes, 25
 And 'midst the desert fruitful fields arise,
 That crown'd with tufted trees and springing corn,
 Like verdant isles the sable waste adorn.
 Let *India* boast her plants, nor envy we
 The weeping amber or the balmy tree, 30
 While by our oaks the precious loads are born,
 And realms commanded which those trees adorn.

VER. 25. *Why should I sing our better suns or air,
 Whose vital draughts prevent the leach's care,
 While thro' fresh fields th'enliv'ning odours breathe,
 Or spread with vernal blooms the purple heath.*

Not

WINDSOR-FOREST.

69

Not proud *Olympus* yields a nobler fight,
 Tho' Gods assembled grace his tow'ring height,
 Than what more humble mountains offer here, 35
 Where, in their blessings, all those Gods appear.
 See *Pan* with flocks, with fruits *Pomona* crown'd,
 Here blushing *Flora* paints th' enamel'd ground,
 Here *Ceres*' gifts in waving prospect stand,
 And nodding tempt the joyful reaper's hand ; 40
 Rich Industry sits smiling on the plains,
 And peace and plenty tell, a *Stuart* reigns.

Not thus the land appear'd in ages past,
 A dreary desert and a gloomy waste,
 To savage beasts and * savage laws a prey, 45
 And kings more furious and severe than they;
 Who claim'd the skies, dispeopled air and floods,
 The lonely lords of empty wilds and woods :
 Cities laid waste, they storm'd the dens and caves,
 (For wiser brutes were backward to be slaves.) 50
 What could be free, when lawless beasts obey'd,
 And ev'n the elements a Tyrant sway'd ?
 In vain kind seasons swell'd the teeming grain,
 Soft show'rs distill'd, and suns grew warm in vain ;
 The swain with tears his frustrate labour yields, 55
 And famish'd dies amidst his ripen'd fields.
 What wonder then, a beast or subject slain
 Were equal crimes in a despotick reign ?
 Both doom'd alike, for sportive Tyrants bled,
 But that the subject starv'd, the beast was fed. 60

* *The Forest Laws.*

Proud *Nimrod* first the bloody chace began,
 A mighty hunter, and his prey was man:
 Our haughty *Norman* boasts that barb'rous name,
 And makes his trembling slaves the royal game.
 The * fields are ravish'd from th' industrious swains, 65
 From men their cities, and from Gods their fanes:
 The levell'd towns with weeds lie cover'd o'er;
 The hollow winds thro' naked temples roar;
 Round broken columns clasping ivy twin'd;
 O'er heaps of ruin stalk'd the stately hind; 70
 The fox obscene to gaping tombs retires,
 And savage howlings fill the sacred quires.
 Aw'd by his Nobles, by his Commons curst,
 Th' Oppressor rul'd tyrannic where he durst,
 Stretch'd o'er the Poor and Church his iron rod, 75
 And serv'd alike his Vassals and his God.
 Whom ev'n the *Saxon* spar'd, and bloody *Dane*,
 The wanton victims of his sport remain.

* Alluding to the new forest, and the tyrannies exercis'd there by William the first.

VER. 57, &c. No wonder savages or subjects slain—
 But subjects starv'd while savages were fed.

It was originally thus, but the word Savages is not so properly apply'd to beasts as to men; which occasion'd the alteration.

VER. 72. And wolves with howling fill, &c.] The Author thought this an error, wolves not being common in *England* at the time of the Conqueror.

But

WINDSOR-FOREST.

71

But see, the man who spacious regions gave
 A waste for beasts, himself deny'd a grave! 80
 Stretch'd on the lawn, his * second hope survey,
 At once the chaser, and at once the prey:
 Lo *Rufus*, tugging at the deadly dart,
 Bleeds in the forest, like a wounded hart.
 Succeeding Monarchs heard the subjects cries, 85
 Nor saw displeas'd the peaceful cottage rise.
 Then gath'ring flocks on unknown mountains fed,
 O'er sandy wilds were yellow harvests spread,
 The forests wonder'd at th' unusual grain,
 And secret transport touch'd the conscious swain. 90
 Fair Liberty, *Britannia's* Goddess, rears
 Her chearful head, and leads the golden years.
 Ye vig'rous swains! while youth ferments your blood,
 And purer spirits swell the sprightly flood,
 Now range the hills, the thickest woods beset, 95
 Wind the shrill horn, or spread the waving net.
 When milder autumn summer's heat succeeds,
 And in the new-thorn field the partridge feeds,

* Richard, second son of William the Conqueror.

VER. 91. *Oh may no more a foreign master's rage
 With wrongs yet legal, curse a future age!
 Still spread, fair Liberty! thy heav'nly wings,
 Breath plenty on the fields, and fragrance on the springs.*
 VER. 97. *When yellow autumn summer's heat succeeds,
 And into wine the purple harvest bleeds,
 The partridge feeding in the new-thorn fields
 Both morning sports and ev'ning pleasures yields.*

Before his lord the ready spaniel bounds,
 Panting with hope, he tries the furrow'd grounds ; 100
 But when the tainted gales the game betray,
 Couch'd close he lies, and meditates the prey :
 Secure they trust th' unfaithful field, beset,
 Till hov'ring o'er 'em sweeps the swelling net.
 Thus (if small things we may with great compare) 105
 When *Albion* sends her eager sons to war,
 Some thoughtless Town, with ease and plenty blest,
 Near, and more near, the closing lines invest ;
 Sudden they seize th' amaz'd, defenceless prize,
 And high in air *Britannia's* standard flies. 110

See ! from the brake the whirring pheasant springs,
 And mounts exulting on triumphant wings :
 Short is his joy ; he feels the fiery wound,
 Flutters in blood, and panting beats the ground.
 Ah ! what avail his glossy, varying dyes, 115
 His purple crest, and scarlet-circled eyes,
 The vivid green his shining plumes unfold,
 His painted wings, and breast that flames with gold ?

Nor yet, when moist *Arcturus* clouds the sky,
 The woods and fields their pleasing toils deny. 120
 To plains with well-breath'd beagles we repair,
 And trace the mazes of the circling hare :

VER. 119. *When hoary winter cloaths the year in white,
 The woods and fields to pleasing toils invite.*

(Beasts,

(Beasts, urg'd by us, their fellow-beasts pursue,
 And learn of man each other to undo.)
 With slaught'ring guns th' unweari'd fowler roves, 125
 When frosts have whiten'd all the naked groves;
 Where doves in flocks the leafless trees o'ershade,
 And lonely woodcocks haunt the wat'ry glade.
 He lifts the tube, and levels with his eye;
 Strait a short thunder breaks the frozen sky: 130
 Oft', as in airy rings they skim the heath,
 The clam'rous plovers feel the leaden death:
 Oft', as the mounting larks their notes prepare,
 They fall, and leave their little lives in air.
 In genial spring, beneath the quiv'ring shade, 135
 Where cooling vapours breathe along the mead,
 The patient fisher takes his silent stand,
 Intent, his angle trembling in his hand;
 With looks unmov'd, he hopes the scaly breed,
 And eyes the dancing cork, and bending reed. 140
 Our plenteous streams a various race supply,
 The bright-ey'd perch with fins of *Tyrian* dye,
 The silver eel, in shining volumes roll'd,
 The yellow carp, in scales bedrop'd with gold,
 Swift trouts, diversify'd with crimson stains, 145
 And pykes, the tyrants of the watry plains.

VER. 129. *The fowler lifts his level'd tube on high.*

Now

Now *Cancer* glows with *Phæbus*' fiery car ;
 The youth rush eager to the sylvan war,
 Swarm o'er the lawns, the forest walks surround,
 Rouze the fleet hart, and chear the opening hound. 150
 Th' impatient courser pants in ev'ry vein,
 And pawing, seems to beat the distant plain ;
 Hills, vales, and floods appear already cross'd,
 And e'er he starts, a thousand steps are lost.
 See ! the bold youth strain up the threat'ning steep, 155
 Rush thro' the thickets, down the valleys sweep,
 Hang o'er their coursers heads with eager speed,
 And earth rolls back beneath the flying steed.
 Let old *Arcadia* boast her ample plain,
 Th' immortal huntress, and her virgin-train ; 160
 Nor envy, *Windsor* ! since thy shades have seen
 As bright a Goddess, and as chaste a Queen ;
 Whose care, like hers, protects the sylvan reign,
 The Earth's fair light, and Empress of the main.
 Here, as old bards have sung, *Diana* stray'd, 165
 Bath'd in the springs, or sought the cooling shade ;

VER. 147. *But when bright Phœbus from the twins
invites*

*Our active genius to more free delights,
 With springing day we range the lawns around.*

VER. 165. *Yet here, 'tis sung, of old Diana stray'd:
And Cynthus' top forsook for Windsor-shade.*

*Here was she seen o'er sunny heaths to rove,
 Seek the clear spring, or haunt the pathless grove.*

WINDSOR-FOREST.

75

Here arm'd with silver bows, in early dawn,
Her buskin'd Virgins trac'd the dewy lawn.

Above the rest a rural nymph was fam'd,
Thy offspring, *Thames!* the fair *Lodona* nam'd; 170
(*Lodona's* fate, in long oblivion cast,
The Muse shall sing, and what she sings shall last.)
Scarce could the Goddess from her nymph be known,
But by the crescent and the golden zone.

She scorn'd the praise of beauty, and the care, 175
A belt her waist, a fillet binds her hair,
A painted quiver on her shoulder sounds,
And with her dart the flying deer she wounds.

It chanc'd, as eager of the chace, the maid
Beyond the forest's verdant limits stray'd, 180
Pan saw and lov'd, and burning with desire
Pursu'd her flight, her flight increas'd his fire.
Not half so swift the trembling doves can fly,
When the fierce eagle cleaves the liquid sky;
Not half so swiftly the fierce eagle moves, 185

When thro' the clouds he drives the trembling doves;
As from the God she flew with furious pace,
Or as the God, more furious, urg'd the chace.

Now fainting, sinking, pale, the nymph appears;
Now close behind, his sounding steps she hears; 190
And now his shadow reach'd her as she run,
His shadow lengthen'd by the setting sun;
And now his shorter breath, with sultry air,
Pants on her neck, and fans her parting hair.

In vain on father *Thames* she call'd for aid, 195
Nor could *Diana* help her injur'd maid.

Faint,

Faint, breathless, thus she pray'd, nor pray'd in vain;

" Ah *Cynthia*! ah——tho' banish'd from thy train,

" Let me, O let me, to the shades repair,

" My native shades--there weep, and murmur there. 200

She said, and melting as in tears she lay,

In a soft, silver stream dissolv'd away.

The silver stream her virgin coldness keeps,

For ever murmurs, and for ever weeps;

Still bears the * name the hapless virgin bore, 205

And bathes the forest where she rang'd before.

In her chaste current oft' the Goddess laves,

And with celestial tears augments the waves.

Oft' in her glass the musing shepherd spies

The headlong mountains and the downward skies, 210

The watry landskip of the pendant woods,

And absent trees that tremble in the floods;

In the clear azure gleam the flocks are seen,

And floating forests paint the waves with green.

Thro' the fair scene rowl slow the ling'ring streams, 215

Then foaming pour along, and rush into the *Thames*.

Thou too, great father of the *British* floods!

With joyful pride survey'ft our lofty woods;

Where tow'ring oaks their spreading honours rear,

And future navies on thy shores appear. 220

Not *Neptune's* self from all his streams receives

A wealthier tribute, than to thine he gives.

* *The river Loddon.*

No seas so rich, so gay no banks appear,
 No lake so gentle, and no spring so clear.
 Not fabled *Po* more swells the poet's lays, 225
 While thro' the skies his shining current strays,
 Than thine, which visits *Windsor's* fam'd abodes,
 To grace the mansion of our earthly Gods :
 Nor all his stars a brighter lustre show,
 Than the fair nymphs that grace thy side below: 230
 Here *Jove* himself, subdu'd by beauty still,
 Might change *Olympus* for a nobler hill.

Happy the man whom this bright Court approves,
 His Sov'reign favours, and his Country loves :
 Happy next him, who to these shades retires, 235
 Whom Nature charms, and whom the Muse inspires ;
 Whom humbler joys of home-felt quiet please,
 Successive study, exercise, and ease.
 He gathers health from herbs the forest yields,
 And of their fragrant physic spoils the fields: 240
 With chymic art exalts the min'ral pow'rs,
 And draws the aromatic souls of flow'rs :
 Now marks the course of rolling orbs on high ;
 O'er figur'd worlds now travels with his eye :
 Of ancient writ unlocks the learned store, 245
 Consults the dead, and lives past ages o'er :

VER. 233. *Happy the man who to the shades retires,
 But doubly happy, if the Muse inspires !
 Blest whom the sweets of home-felt quiet please ;
 But far more blest, who study joins with ease.*

Or

Or wand'ring thoughtful in the silent wood,
 Attends the duties of the wise and good,
 To observe a mean, be to himself a friend,
 To follow nature, and regard his end; 250
 Or looks on heav'n with more than mortal eyes,
 Bids his free soul expatiate in the skies,
 Amid her kindred stars familiar roam,
 Survey the region, and confess her home!
 Such was the life great *Scipio* once admir'd, 255
 Thus *Atticus*, and *Trumbal* thus retir'd.

Ye sacred Nine! that all my soul possess,
 Whose raptures fire me, and whose visions bless,
 Bear me, oh bear me to sequester'd scenes,
 The bow'ry mazes, and surrounding greens; 260
 To *Thames's* banks which fragrant breezes fill,
 Or where ye Muses sport on *Cooper's* hill.
 (On *Cooper's* hill eternal wreaths shall grow,
 While lasts the mountain, or while *Thames* shall flow)
 I seem thro' consecrated walks to rove, 265
 I hear soft music die along the grove;
 Led by the sound, I roam from shade to shade,
 By god-like Poets venerable made;
 Here his first lays majestic *Denham* sung;
 There the last numbers flow'd from * *Cowley's* tongue.
 O early lost! what tears the river shed, 271
 When the sad pomp along his banks was led?

* *Mr. Cowley died at Chertsey, on the borders of the Forest, and was from thence convey'd to Westminster.*

His drooping swans on ev'ry note expire,
 And on his willows hung each Muse's lyre.
 Since fate relentless stop'd their heav'nly voice, 275
 No more the forests ring, or groves rejoice;
 Who now shall charm the shades, where *Cowley* strung
 His living harp, and lofty *Denham* sung?
 But hark! the groves rejoice, the forest rings!
 Are these reviv'd? or is it *Granville* sings? 280

'Tis yours, my Lord, to bless our soft retreats,
 And call the Muses to their ancient seats;
 To paint anew the flow'ry sylvan scenes,
 To crown the forests with immortal greens,
 Make *Windsor*-hills in lofty numbers rise, 285
 And lift her turrets nearer to the skies;
 To sing those honours you deserve to wear,
 And add new lustre to her silver star.*

Here noble † *Surrey* felt the sacred rage,
Surrey, the *Granville* of a former age: 290

VER. 273. *What sighs, what murmurs fill'd the vocal
 shore!*

His tuneful swans were heard to sing no more.

* All the lines that follow, till within eight of the conclusion, were not added to the poem till the year 1710. The 425th verse, *My humble Muse in unambitious strains*, &c. immediately follow'd this.

† Henry Howard, *Earl of Surrey*, one of the first refiners of the English poetry; who flourish'd in the time of Henry VIII.

Matchless

Matchless his pen, victorious was his lance,
 Bold in the lists, and graceful in the dance :
 In the same shades the *Cupids* tun'd his lyre,
 To the same notes, of love, and soft desire :
 Fair *Geraldine*, bright object of his vow, 295
 Then fill'd the groves, as heav'nly *Myra* now.

Oh would'st thou sing what Heroes *Windsor* bore,
 What Kings first breath'd upon her winding shore,
 Or raise old warriors, whose ador'd remains
 In weeping vaults her hallow'd earth contains! 300
 With * *Edward's* acts adorn the shining page,
 Stretch his long triumphs down thro' ev'ry age,
 Draw Monarchs chain'd, and *Cressi's* glorious field,
 The lillies blazing on the regal shield :
 Then, from her roofs when *Verrio's* colours fall, 305
 And leave inanimate the naked wall,
 Still in thy song should vanquish'd *France* appear,
 And bleed for ever under *Britain's* spear.

Let softer strains ill-fated † *Henry* mourn,
 And palms eternal flourish round his urn. 310
 Here o'er the martyr-King the marble weeps,
 And fast beside him, once-fear'd ‖ *Edward* sleeps :
 Whom not th' extended *Albion* could contain,
 From old *Belerium* to the northern main,

* *Edward III. born here.*

† *Henry VI.*

‖ *Edward IV.*

The grave unites; where ev'n the Great find rest, 315
And blended lie th' oppressor and th' oppressed!

Make sacred *Charles's* tomb for ever known,
(Obscure the place, and un-inscrib'd the stone)
Oh fact accurst! what tears has *Albion* shed,
Heav'ns, what new wounds! and how her old have bled?
She saw her sons with purple deaths expire, 321
Her sacred dōmes involv'd in rolling fire,
A dreadful series of intestine wars,
Inglorious triumphs, and dishonest scars.

At length great *Anna* said—"Let Discord cease!" 325
She said, the World obey'd, and all was Peace!

In that blest moment, from his oozy bed
Old father *Thames* advanc'd his rev'rend head.
His tresses drop'd with dews, and o'er the stream
His shining horns diffus'd a golden gleam: 330
Grav'd on his urn, appear'd the Moon that guides
His swelling waters, and alternate tydes;

Between Verse 328 and 329 originally stood these lines,

*From shore to shore exulting shouts he heard,
O'er all his banks a lambent light appear'd,
With sparkling flames heav'ns glowing concave shone,
Fictitious stars, and glories not her own.
He saw, and gently rose above the stream;
His shining horns diffus'd a golden gleam:
With pearl and gold his tow'ry front was drest,
The tributes of the distant East and West.*

The figur'd streams in waves of silver roll'd,
 And on their banks *Augusta* rose in gold.
 Around his throne the sea-born brothers flood, 335
 Who swell with tributary urns his flood:
 First the fam'd authors of his ancient name,
 The winding *Isis* and the fruitful *Tame*:
 The *Kennet* swift, for silver eels renown'd;
 The *Loddon* slow, with verdant alders crown'd; 340
Cole, whose clear streams his flow'ry islands lave;
 And chalky *Wey*, that rolls a milky wave:
 The blue, transparent *Vandalis* appears;
 The gulphy *Lee* his fedyg tresses rears;
 And sullen *Mole*, that hides his diving flood; 345
 And silent *Darent*, stain'd with *Danish* blood.

High in the midst, upon his urn reclin'd,
 (His sea-green mantle waving with the wind)
 The God appear'd: he turn'd his azure eyes
 Where *Windsor*-domes and pompous turrets rise; 350
 Then bow'd and spoke; the winds forget to roar,
 And the hush'd waves glide softly to the shore.

Hail, sacred Peace! hail long-expected days,
 That *Thames*'s glory to the stars shall raise!
 Tho' *Tyber*'s streams immortal *Rome* behold, 355
 Tho' foaming *Hermus* swells with tydes of gold,
 From heav'n itself tho' sev'n-fold *Nilus* flows,
 And harvests on a hundred realms bestows;
 These now no more shall be the Muse's themes,
 Lost in my fame, as in the sea their streams. 360

Let

Let *Volga's* banks with iron squadrons shine,
 And groves of lances glitter on the *Rhine*,
 Let barb'rous *Ganges* arm a servile train;
 Be mine the blessings of a peaceful reign.
 No more my sons shall dye with *British* blood 365
 Red *Iber's* sands, or *Ister's* foaming flood;
 Safe on my shore each unmolested swain
 Shall tend the flocks, or reap the bearded grain;
 The shady empire shall retain no trace
 Of war or blood, but in the sylvan chace; 370
 The trumpet sleep, while chearful horns are blown,
 And arms employ'd on birds and beasts alone.
 Behold! th' ascending *Villa's* on my side,
 Project long shadows o'er the crystal tyde.
 Behold! *Augusta's* glitt'ring spires increase, 375
 And temples rise, the beauteous works of Peace.
 I see, I see where two fair cities bend
 Their ample bow, a new *White-hall* ascend!
 There mighty nations shall enquire their doom,
 The world's great Oracle in times to come; 380
 There Kings shall sue, and suppliant States be seen
 Once more to bend before a *British* Queen.
 Thy trees, fair *Windsor*! now shall leave their woods,
 And half thy forests rush into my floods,

VER. 383, &c. were originally thus;

Now shall our fleets the bloody Cross display
 To the rich regions of the rising day,
 Or those green isles, where headlong *Titan* sleeps
 His hissing axle in th' Atlantic deeps.
 Tempt icy seas, &c.

Bear

Bear *Britain's* thunder, and her Cross display, 385
 To the bright regions of the rising day;
 Tempt icy seas, where scarce the waters roll,
 Where clearer flames glow round the frozen Pole;
 Or under southern skies exalt their sails,
 Led by new stars, and borne by spicy gales! 390
 For me the balm shall bleed, and amber flow,
 The coral redden, and the ruby glow,
 The pearly shell its lucid globe infold,
 And *Phæbus* warm the ripening ore to gold.
 The time shall come, when free as seas or wind 395
 Unbounded *Thames* shall flow for all mankind,
 Whole nations enter with each swelling tyde,
 And seas but join the regions they divide;
 Earth's distant ends our glory shall behold,
 And the new world launch forth to seek the old. 400
 Then ships of uncouth form shall stem the tyde,
 And feather'd people croud my wealthy side,
 And naked youths and painted chiefs admire
 Our speech, our colour, and our strange attire!
 Oh stretch thy reign, fair Peace! from shore to shore,
 'Till Conquest cease, and slav'ry be no more; 406
 'Till the freed *Indians* in their native groves
 Reap their own fruits, and woo their fable loves,
Peru once more a race of Kings behold,
 And other *Mexico's* be roof'd with gold. 410
 Exil'd by thee from earth to deepest hell,
 In brazen bonds shall barb'rous Discord dwell:

WINDSOR-FOREST.

85

Gigantic Pride, pale Terror, gloomy Care,
And mad Ambition, shall attend her there :
There purple Vengeance bath'd in gore retires, 415
Her weapons blunted, and extinct her fires :
There hateful Envy her own snakes shall feel,
And Persecution mourn her broken wheel :
There Faction roar, Rebellion bite her chain,
And gasping Furies thirst for blood in vain. 420

Here cease thy flight, nor with unhallow'd lays
Touch the fair fame of *Albion's* golden days :
The thoughts of Gods let *Granville's* verse recite,
And bring the scenes of opening fate to light.
My humble Muse, in unambitious strains, 425
Paints the green forests and the flow'ry plains,
Where Peace descending bids her olives spring,
And scatters blessings from her dove-like wing.
Ev'n I more sweetly pass my careless days,
Pleas'd in the silent shade with empty praise; 430
Enough for me, that to the list'ning swains
First in these fields I sung the sylvan strains.

O D E

O N

St. *C E C I L I A*'s Day,

1708.

AND OTHER

PIECES for MUSIC.

F 4

O D E

ON

CECILIA'S DAY

1708.

AND OTHER

PIECES for MUSIC.

ODE for MUSIC

ON

St. *CECILIA*'s Day.

I.

Descend ye Nine! descend and sing;
The breathing instruments inspire,
Wake into voice each silent string,
And sweep the sounding lyre!
In a sadly-pleasing strain 5
Let the warbling lute complain:
Let the loud trumpet sound,
'Till the roofs all around
The shrill echo's rebound:
While in more lengthen'd notes and slow, 10
The deep, majestic, solemn organs blow.
Hark! the numbers, soft and clear,
Gently steal upon the ear;
Now louder, and yet louder rise,
And fill with spreading sounds the skies; 15
Exulting in triumph now swell the bold notes,
In broken air, trembling, the wild music floats;
'Till,

'Till, by degrees, remote and small,
 The strains decay,
 And melt away,
 In a dying, dying fall.

20

II.

By Music, minds an equal temper know,
 Nor swell too high, nor sink too low.
 If in the breast tumultuous joys arise,
 Music her soft, assuasive voice applies;
 Or when the soul is press'd with cares,
 Exalts her in enlivening airs.
 Warriors she fires with animated sounds;
 Pours balm into the bleeding lover's wounds:
 Melancholy lifts her head,
Morpheus rouses from his bed,
 Sloth unfolds her arms and wakes,
 Lift'ning Envy drops her snakes;
 Intestine war no more our Passions wage,
 And giddy Factions hear away their rage.

25

30

35

III.

But when our Country's cause provokes to Arms,
 How martial music ev'ry bosom warms!
 So when the first bold vessel dar'd the seas,
 High on the stern the *Thracian* rais'd his strain,
 While *Argo* saw her kindred trees
 Descend from *Pelion* to the main.
 Transported demi-gods stood round,
 And men grew heroes at the sound,

40

En-

Enflam'd with glory's charms:
 Each chief his sev'nfold shield display'd, 45
 And half unsheath'd the shining blade:
 And seas, and rocks, and skies rebound
 To arms, to arms, to arms!

IV.

But when thro' all th' infernal bounds
 Which flaming *Phegeton* surrounds, 50
 Love, strong as Death, the Poet led
 To the pale nations of the dead,
 What sounds were heard,
 What scenes appear'd,
 O'er all the dreary coasts! 55
 Dreadful gleams,
 Dismal screams,
 Fires that glow,
 Shrieks of woe,
 Sullen moans, 60
 Hollow groans,
 And cries of tortur'd ghosts!
 But hark! he strikes the golden lyre;
 And see! the tortur'd ghosts respire,
 See, shady forms advance! 65
 Thy stone, O *Sisyphus*, stands still,
Ixion rests upon his wheel,
 And the pale spectres dance!
 The Furies sink upon their iron beds,
 And snakes uncurl'd hang list'ning round their heads.

V.

By the streams that ever flow, 70
 By the fragrant winds that blow
 O'er th'*Elysian* flow'rs,
 By those happy souls who dwell
 In yellow meads of *Asphodel*,
 Or *Amaranthine* bow'rs, 75
 By the hero's armed shades,
 Glitt'ring thro' the gloomy glades,
 By the youths that dy'd for love,
 Wand'ring in the myrtle grove,
 Restore, restore *Eurydice* to life; 80
 Oh take the husband, or return the wife!

He sung, and hell consented
 To hear the Poet's pray'r;
 Stern *Proserpine* relented,
 And gave him back the fair. 85
 Thus song could prevail
 O'er death and o'er hell,
 A conquest how hard and how glorious?
 Tho' fate had fast bound her
 With *Styx* nine times round her, 90
 Yet music and love were victorious.

VI.

But soon, too soon, the lover turns his eyes:
 Again she falls, again she dies, she dies!
 How wilt thou now the fatal fifters move?
 No crime was thine, if 'tis no crime to love. 95
 Now

Now under hanging mountains,
Beside the falls of fountains,
Or where *Hebrus* wanders,
Rolling in *Mæanders*,

All alone, 100

Unheard, unknown,

He makes his moan ;

And calls her ghost,

For ever, ever, ever lost !

Now with Furies surrounded, 105

Despairing, confounded,

He trembles, he glows,

Amidst *Rhodope's* snows :

See, wild as the winds, o'er the desert he flies ;

Hark ! *Hæmus* resounds with the *Bacchanals* cries—110

——— Ah see, he dies !

Yet ev'n in death *Eurydice* he sung,

Eurydice still trembled on his tongue,

Eurydice the woods,

Eurydice the floods, 115

Eurydice the rocks, and hollow mountains rung.

VII.

Musick the fiercest grief can charm,

And fate's severest rage disarm :

^ Musick can soften pain to ease, 120

And make despair and madness please :

Our joys below it can improve,

And antedate the bliss above.

This

This the divine *Cecilia* found,
 And to her Maker's praise confin'd the sound. 125
 When the full organ joins the tuneful quire,
 Th'immortal pow'rs incline their ear;
 Borne on the swelling notes our souls aspire,
 While solemn airs improve the sacred fire;
 And Angels lean from heav'n to hear.
 Of *Orpheus* now no more let Poets tell, 130
 To bright *Cecilia* greater pow'r is giv'n;
 His numbers rais'd a shade from hell,
 Hers lift the soul to heav'n.

Two CHORUS's to the Tragedy of BRUTUS.

CHORUS of *Athenians*.

Strophe 1.

YE shades, where sacred truth is sought;
Groves, where immortal Sages taught;
Where heav'nly visions *Plato* fir'd,
And *Epicurus* lay inspir'd!
In vain your guiltless laurels stood 5
Unspotted long with human blood.
War, horrid war, your thoughtful walks invades,
And steel now glitters in the Muses shades.

Antistrophe 1.

Oh heav'n-born sisters! source of art!
Who charm the sense, or mend the heart; 10
Who lead fair Virtue's train along,
Moral *Truth*, and mystic *Song*!
To what new clime, what distant sky,
Forfaken, friendless, shall ye fly?
Say, will ye bless the bleak *Atlantic* shore? 15
Or bid the furious *Gaul* be rude no more?

Strophe

Strophe 2.

When *Athens* sinks by fates unjust,
 When wild *Barbarians* spurn her dust;
 Perhaps ev'n *Britain's* utmost shore
 Shall cease to blush with stranger's gore, 20
 See Arts her savage sons controul,
 An *Athens* rising near the pole!
 'Till some new Tyrant lifts his purple hand,
 And civil madness tears them from the land.

Antistrophe 2.

Ye Gods! what justice rules the ball? 25
 Freedom and Arts together fall;
 Fools grant whate'er Ambition craves,
 And men, once ignorant, are slaves.
 Oh curs'd effects of civil hate,
 In ev'ry age, in ev'ry state! 30
 Still, when the lust of tyrant pow'r succeeds,
 Some *Athens* perishes, some *Tully* bleeds.

 CHORUS

CHORUS of *Youths* and *Virgins*.

Semichorus.

O H Tyrant Love! hast thou posselt
The prudent, learn'd, and virtuous breast?
Wisdom and wit in vain reclaim,
And Arts but soften us to feel thy flame.
Love, soft intruder, enters here, 5
But entring learns to be sincere.
Marcus with blushes owns he loves,
And *Brutus* tenderly reproves.
Why, Virtue, dost thou blame desire,
Which nature has imprest? 10
Why, Nature, dost thou soonest fire
The mild and gen'rous breast?

Chorus.

Love's purer flames the Gods approve;
The Gods and *Brutus* bend to love:
Brutus for absent *Portia* sighs, 15
And sterner *Cassius* melts at *Junia's* eyes.
What is loose love? a transient gust,
Spent in a sudden storm of lust,
A vapour fed from wild desire,
A wand'ring, self-consuming fire. 20

But *Hymen's* kinder flames unite ;
 And burn for ever one ;
 Chaste as cold *Cynthia's* virgin light,
 Productive as the Sun.

Semichorus.

Oh source of ev'ry social tye, 25
 United wish, and mutual joy !
 What various joys on one attend,
 As son, as father, brother, husband, friend ?
 Whether his hoary sire he spies,
 While thousand grateful thoughts arise ; 30
 Or meets his spouse's fonder eye ;
 Or views his smiling progeny ;
 What tender passions take their turns,
 What home-felt raptures move ?
 His heart now melts, now leaps, now burns, 35
 With rev'rence, hope, and love.

Chorus.

Hence guilty joys, distastes, surmizes,
 Hence false tears, deceits, disguises,
 Dangers, doubts, delays, surprizes ;
 Fires that scorch, yet dare not shine : 40
 Purest love's unwaiving treasure,
 Constant faith, fair hope, long leisure,
 Days of ease, and nights of pleasure ;
 Sacred *Hymen* ! these are thine.

ODE on SOLITUDE.

H Appy the man, whose wish and care
 A few paternal acres bound,
 Content to breathe his native air,
 In his own ground.

Whose herds with milk, whose fields with bread, 5
 Whose flocks supply him with attire,
 Whose trees in summer yield him shade,
 In winter fire.

Blest, who can unconcern'dly find,
 Hours, days and years slide soft away, 10
 In health of body, peace of mind,
 Quiet by day,

Sound sleep by night; study and ease,
 Together mixt; sweet recreation;
 And innocence, which most does please, 15
 With meditation.

Thus let me live, unseen, unknown,
 Thus unlamented let me die,
 Steal from the world, and not a stone 20
 Tell where I lie.

The Dying Christian to his Soul,

O D E.

I.

Vital spark of heav'nly flame!
 Quit, oh quit this mortal frame:
 Trembling, hoping, ling'ring, flying,
 Oh the pain, the bliss of dying!
 Cease, fond Nature, cease thy strife,
 And let me languish into life. -

5

II.

Hark! they whisper; Angels say,
 Sister Spirit, come away.
 What is this absorbs me quite?
 Steals my senses, shuts my sight,
 Drowns my spirits, draws my breath?
 Tell me, my Soul, can this be Death?

10

III.

The world recedes; it disappears!
 Heav'n opens on my eyes! my ears
 With sounds seraphic ring:
 Lend, lend your wings! I mount! I fly!
 O Grave! where is thy Victory?
 O Death! where is thy Sting?

15

A N

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CRITICISM.

Written in the Year 1709.

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CRITICISM

Written in the Year

THE
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OF THE
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3. That most men are born with some Taste, but spoil'd by false education.
4. The multitude of Critics, and causes of 'em.
5. That we are to study our own Taste, and know the limits of it.
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9. That therefore the Ancients are necessary to be study'd by a Critic, particularly *Homer* and *Virgil*.
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A N
E S S A Y
O N
C R I T I C I S M.

'TIS hard to say, if greater want of skill
Appear in writing or in judging ill ;
But, of the two, less dang'rous is th' offence
To tire our patience, than mislead our sense.
Some few in that, but numbers err in this, 5
Ten censure wrong for one who writes amiss ;
A fool might once himself alone expose,
Now one in verse makes many more in prose.

'Tis with our judgments as our watches, none
Go just alike, yet each believes his own. 10
In Poets as true Genius is but rare,
True Taste as seldom is the Critic's share ;
Both must alike from heav'n derive their light,
These born to judge, as well as those to write.

Let

Let * such teach others who themselves excel, 15
And censure freely who have written well.

Authors are partial to their wit, 'tis true,
But are not Critics to their judgment too?

Yet if we look more closely, we shall find
Most † have the seeds of judgment in their mind : 20

Nature affords at least a glimm'ring light ;
The lines, tho' touch'd but faintly, are drawn right.

But as the slightest sketch, if justly trac'd,
Is by ill-colouring but the more disgrac'd, }
So by false learning is good sense defac'd : 25 }

Some are bewilder'd in the maze of schools,
And some made coxcombs Nature meant but fools.

In search of wit these lose their common sense,

And then turn Critics in their own defence :

Each burns alike, who can, or cannot write, 30

Or with a Rival's, or an Eunuch's spite.

* *Qui scribit artificiosè, ab aliis commodè scripta facile intelligere poterit.* Cic. ad Herenn. lib. 4.

† *Omnes tacito quodam sensu, sine ulla arte, aut ratione, quæ sint in artibus ac rationibus recta ac prava dijudicant.* Cic. de Orat. lib. 3.

Between Verse 25 and 26, were these lines,

Many are spoil'd by that pedantic throng,
Who with great pains teach youth to reason wrong.
Tutors, like Virtuoso's, oft inclin'd
By strange transfusion to improve the mind,
Draw off the sense we have, to pour in new ;
Which yet with all their skill, they ne'er could do.

All

All fools have still an itching to deride,
 And fain would be upon the laughing side.
 If *Mævius* scribble in *Apolló's* spight,
 There are, who judge still worse than he can write. 35

Some have at first for Wits, then Poets pass,
 Turn'd Critics next, and prov'd plain fools at last.
 Some neither can for Wits nor Critics pass,
 As heavy mules are neither horse nor ass.
 Those half-learn'd wittlings, num'rous in our isle, 40
 As half-form'd insects on the banks of *Nile*;
 Unfinish'd things, one knows not what to call,
 Their generation's so equivocal:
 To tell 'em, would a hundred tongues require,
 Or one vain wit's, that might a hundred tire. 45

But you who seek to give and merit fame,
 And justly bear a Critic's noble name,
 Be sure yourself and your own reach to know,
 How far your genius, taste, and learning go;
 Launch not beyond your depth, but be discreet, 50
 And mark that point where sense and dulness meet.
 Nature to all things fix'd the limits fit,
 And wisely curb'd proud man's pretending wit.
 As on the land while here the Ocean gains,
 In other parts it leaves wide sandy plains; 55
 Thus in the soul while memory prevails,
 The solid pow'r of understanding fails;
 Where beams of warm imagination play,
 The memory's soft figures melt away.
 One science only will one genius fit; 60
 So vast is art, so narrow human wit:

Not

Not only bounded to peculiar arts,
 But oft' in those confin'd to single parts.
 Like Kings we lose the conquests gain'd before,
 By vain ambition still to make them more; 65
 Each might his sev'ral province well command,
 Would all but stoop to what they understand.

First follow *Nature*, and your judgment frame
 By her just standard, which is still the same:
 Unerring *Nature*, still divinely bright, 70
 One clear, unchang'd, and universal light,
 Life, force, and beauty, must to all impart,
 At once the source, and end, and test of art.
 Art from that fund each just supply provides,
 Works without show, and without pomp presides: 75
 In some fair body thus th' informing soul
 With spirits feeds, with vigour fills the whole,
 Each motion guides, and ev'ry nerve sustains;
 Itself unseen, but in th' effects, remains.
 There are whom heav'n has blest with store of wit, 80
 Yet want as much again to manage it;
 For wit and judgment ever are at strife,
 Tho' meant each other's aid, like man and wife.
 'Tis more to guide, than spur the Muse's steed;
 Restrain his fury, than provoke his speed; 85
 The winged courser, like a gen'rous horse,
 Shows most true mettle when you check his course.

Those *Rules* of old discover'd, not devis'd,
 Are nature still, but nature methodiz'd;
 Nature, like Monarchy, is but restrain'd 90
 By the same laws which first herself ordain'd.

Hear

Hear how learn'd *Greece* her useful rules indites,
 When to repress, and when indulge our flights!
 High on *Parnassus*' top her sons she show'd,
 And pointed out those arduous paths they trod, 95
 Held from afar, aloft, th' immortal prize,
 And urg'd the rest by equal steps to rise.
 Just * precepts thus from great examples giv'n,
 She drew from them what they deriv'd from heav'n.
 The gen'rous Critic fann'd the Poet's fire, 100
 And taught the world with reason to admire.
 Then Criticism the Muses handmaid prov'd,
 To dress her charms, and make her more belov'd:
 But following wits from that intention stray'd,
 Who cou'd not win the mistress, woo'd the maid; 105
 Against the Poets their own arms they turn'd,
 Sure to hate most the men from whom they learn'd.
 So modern 'Pothecaries, taught the art
 By Doctor's bills to play the Doctor's part,
 Bold in the practice of mistaken rules, 110
 Prescribe, apply, and call their masters fools.
 Some on the leaves of antient authors prey,
 Nor time nor moths e'er spoil'd so much as they.
 Some drily plain, without invention's aid,
 Write dull receipts how poems may be made. 115

* *Nec enim artibus editis factum est ut argumenta inveniremus, sed dicta sunt omnia antequam præciperentur, mox ea scriptores observata & collecta ediderunt.* Quintil.

These lose the sense, their learning to display,
And those explain the meaning quite away.

You then whose judgment the right course would steer,
Know well each *Ancient's* proper character;
His Fable, Subject, scope in every page; 120
Religion, Country, genius of his Age:
Without all these at once before your eyes,
Cavil you may, but never criticize.

Be *Homer's* works your study, and delight,
Read them by day, and meditate by night; 125
Thence form your judgment, thence your notions bring,
And trace the Muses upward to their spring.
Still with itself compar'd, his text peruse;
Or let your comment be the *Mantuan* Muse.

* When first young *Maro* sung of Kings and wars,
E'er warning *Phæbus* touch'd his trembling ears, 131

Between Verse 124 and 125;

*Zoilus, had these been known, without a name
Had dy'd, and Perault ne'er been damn'd to fame;
The sense of sound Antiquity had reign'd,
And sacred Homer yet been unprophan'd.
None e'er had thought his comprehensive mind
To modern Customs, modern Rules confin'd;
Who for all Ages writ and all Mankind.* }

* *Virgil, Eclog 6. Cum canerem Reges & Prælia,
Cynthia aurem
Vellit*——

VER. 131. *When first great Maro in his boundless mind
A work t'outlast Immortal Rome design'd.
Perhaps*

Perhaps he seem'd above the Critic's law,
 And but from Nature's fountains scorn'd to draw:
 But when t' examine ev'ry part he came,
 Nature and *Homer* were, he found, the same: 135
 Convinc'd, amaz'd, he checks the bold design;
 And rules as strict his labour'd work confine,
 As if the *Stagyrite* o'erlook'd each line.
 Learn hence for ancient rules a just esteem;
 To copy nature is to copy them. 140

Some beauties yet no precepts can declare,
 For there's a happiness as well as care.
 Music resembles Poetry, in each
 Are nameless graces which no methods teach,
 And which a master-hand alone can reach. 145
 If, * where the rules not far enough extend,
 (Since rules were made but to promote their end)
 Some lucky Licence answers to the full
 Th' intent propos'd, that Licence is a rule.
 Thus *Pegasus*, a nearer way to take, 150
 May boldly deviate from the common track.
 Great Wits sometimes may gloriously offend,
 And rise to faults true Critics dare not mend,

VER. 138. *And did his work to rules as strict confine.*

* *Neque tam sancta sunt ista Præcepta, sed hoc quicquid est, Utilitas excogitavit; Non negabo autem sic utile esse plerunque; verum si eadem illa nobis aliud suadebit utilitas, hanc, relictis magistrorum autoritatibus, sequemur.*

Quintil. lib. 2. cap. 13.

From

From vulgar bounds with brave disorder part,
 And snatch a grace beyond the reach of art, 155
 Which without passing thro' the judgment, gains
 The heart, and all its end at once attains.
 In prospects, thus, some objects please our eyes,
 Which out of nature's common order rise, }
 The shapeless rock, or hanging precipice. 160 }
 But care in poetry must still be had,
 It asks discretion ev'n in running mad :
 And tho' the Ancients thus their rules invade,
 (As Kings dispense with laws themselves have made)
 Moderns beware ! or if you must offend 165
 Against the precept, ne'er transgress its end ;
 Let it be seldom, and compell'd by need ;
 And have, at least, their precedent to plead.
 The Critic else proceeds without remorse,
 Seizes your fame, and puts his laws in force. 170
 I know there are, to whose presumptuous thoughts
 Those freer beauties, ev'n in them, seem faults.
 Some figures monstrous and mishap'd appear,
 Consider'd singly, or beheld too near,
 Which, but proportion'd to their light, or place, 175
 Due distance reconciles to form and grace.
 A prudent chief not always must display
 His pow'rs in equal ranks, and fair array,
 But with th'occasion and the place comply,
 Conceal his force, nay seem sometimes to fly. 180
 Those oft' are stratagems which errors seem,
 Nor is it *Homer* nods, but we that dream.

Still

Still green with bays each ancient Altar stands,
 Above the reach of sacrilegious hands;
 Secure from flames, from envy's fiercer rage, 185
 Destructive war, and all-devouring age.
 See, from each clime the learn'd their incense bring:
 Hear, in all tongues consenting Pæans ring!
 In praise so just let ev'ry voice be join'd,
 And fill the gen'ral Chorus of mankind! 190
 Hail, Bards triumphant! born in happier days;
 Immortal heirs of universal praise!
 Whose honours with increase of ages grow,
 As streams roll down, enlarging as they flow!
 Nations unborn your mighty names shall sound, 195
 And worlds applaud that must not yet be found!
 Oh may some spark of your celestial fire,
 The last, the meanest of your sons inspire,
 (That on weak wings, from far, pursues your flights;
 Glows while he reads, but trembles as he writes) 200
 To teach vain Wits a science little known,
 T'admire superiour sense, and doubt their own!

OF all the causes which conspire to blind
 Man's erring judgment, and misguide the mind,
 What the weak head with strongest bias rules, 205
 Is *Pride*, the never-failing vice of fools.
 Whatever nature has in worth deny'd,
 She gives in large recreas of needful pride;
 For as in bodies, thus in souls we find
 What wants in blood and spirits, swell'd with wind: 210

Pride, where Wit fails, steps in to our defence,
 And fills up all the mighty void of sense.
 If once right reason drives that cloud away,
 Truth breaks upon us with resistless day.
 Trust not yourself; but your defects to know, 215
 Make use of ev'ry friend——and ev'ry foe.

A little Learning is a dang'rous thing;
 Drink deep, or taste not the *Piirian* spring:
 There shallow draughts intoxicate the brain,
 And drinking largely sobers us again. 220
 Fir'd at first sight with what the Muse imparts,
 In fearless youth we tempt the heights of Arts,
 While from the bounded level of our mind,
 Short views we take, nor see the lengths behind,
 But more advanc'd, behold with strange surprize 225
 New distant scenes of endless science rise!
 So pleas'd at first the tow'ring *Alps* we try,
 Mount o'er the vales, and seem to tread the sky,
 Th' eternal snows appear already past,
 And the first clouds and mountains seem the last: 230
 But those attain'd, we tremble to survey
 The growing labours of the lengthen'd way,
 Th' increasing prospect tires our wand'ring eyes,
 Hills peep o'er hills, and *Alps* on *Alps* arise!

VER. 227. *So pleas'd at first the tow'ring Alps to try,
 Fill'd with ideas of fair Italy,
 The traveller beholds with chearful eyes
 The less'ning vales, and seems to tread the skies.*

* A perfect Judge will read each work of wit, 235
 With the same spirit that its author writ,
 Survey the *Whole*, nor seek slight faults to find
 Where nature moves, and rapture warms the mind;
 Nor lose, for that malignant dull delight,
 The gen'rous pleasure to be charm'd with wit. 240
 But in such lays as neither ebb, nor flow,
 Correctly cold, and regularly low,
 That shunning faults, one quiet tenour keep;
 We cannot blame indeed ——— but we may sleep.
 In wit, as nature, what affects our hearts 245
 Is not th' exactness of peculiar parts;
 *Tis not a lip, or eye, we beauty call,
 But the joint force and full result of all.
 Thus when we view some well-proportion'd dome,
 (The world's just wonder, and ev'n thine, O *Rome*!) 250
 No single parts unequally surprize,
 All comes united to th' admiring eyes;
 No monstrous height, or breadth, or length appear;
 The *Whole* at once is bold, and regular.
 Whoever thinks a faultless piece to see, 255
 Thinks what ne'er was, nor is, nor e'er shall be.
 In ev'ry work regard the writer's End,
 Since none can compass more than they intend;
 And if the means be just, the conduct true,
 Applause, in spite of trivial faults, is due. 260

* *Diligenter legendum est, ac pæne ad scribendi sollicitudinem: Nec per partes modo scrutanda sunt omnia, sed perlectus liber utique ex integro resumendus.* Quintil.

As men of breeding, sometimes men of wit,
 To avoid great errors, must the less commit.
 Neglect the rules each verbal Critic lays,
 For not to know some trifles, is a praise.
 Most Critics, fond of some subservient art, 265
 Still make the whole depend upon a part:
 They talk of principles, but notions prize,
 And all to one lov'd Folly sacrifice.

Once on a time, *La Mancha's Knight*, they say,
 A certain Bard encount'ring on the way, 270
 Discours'd in terms as just, with looks as sage,
 As e'er could *Dennis*, of the laws o'th' stage;
 Concluding all were desp'rate fots and fools,
 Who durst depart from *Aristotle's* rules.
 Our author, 'happy in a judge so nice, 275
 Produc'd his Play, and begg'd the Knight's advice;
 Made him observe the subject and the plot,
 The manners, passions, unities; what not?
 All which, exact to rule, were brought about,
 Were but a Combate in the lists left out. 280
 "What! leave the combat out?" exclaims the knight;
 Yes, or we must renounce the *Stagyrite*.

"Not so by heav'n" (he answers in a rage)
 "Knights, squires, and steeds, must enter on the stage."
 The stage can ne'er so vast a throng contain. 285
 "Then build a new, or act it in a Plain.

Thus Critics, of less judgment than caprice,
 Curious, not knowing, not exact, but nice,
 Form short Ideas; and offend in arts
 (As most in manners) by a love to parts. 290

Some

Some to *Conceit* alone their taste confine,
 And glitt'ring thoughts struck out at ev'ry line;
 Pleas'd with a work where nothing's just or fit;
 One glaring Chaos and wild heap of wit.
 Poets like painters, thus, unskill'd to trace 295
 The naked nature and the living grace,
 With gold and jewels cover ev'ry part,
 And hide with Ornaments their want of art.
 True * wit is nature to advantage dress'd,
 What off' was thought, but ne'er so well express'd; 300
 Something, whose truth convinc'd at sight we find,
 That gives us back the image of our mind.
 As shades more sweetly recommend the light,
 So modest plainness sets off sprightly wit:
 For works may have more wit than does'em good, 305
 As bodies perish thro' excess of blood.

Others for *Language* all their care express,
 And value books, as women men, for Dress:
 Their praise is still, the Style is excellent:
 The Sense, they humbly take upon content. 310
 Words are like leaves; and where they most abound,
 Much fruit of sense beneath is rarely found.
 False Eloquence, like the Prismatic glass,
 Its gaudy colours spreads on ev'ry place;
 The face of nature we no more survey, 315
 All glares alike, without distinction gay;

* *Naturam intueamur, hanc sequamur: id facillime accipiunt animi quod agnoscunt.* Quintil. lib. 8. c. 3.

But true Expression, like th' unchanging Sun,
 Clears, and improves whate'er it shines upon,
 It gilds all objects, but it alters none. }
 Expression is the dress of thought, and still 320
 Appears more decent, as more suitable;
 A vile conceit in pompous words express'd,
 Is like a clown in regal purple dress'd:
 For diff'rent styles with diff'rent subjects sort,
 As several garbs with country, town, and court. 325
 Some * by old words to fame have made pretence:
 Ancients in phrase, meer moderns in their sense!
 Such labour'd nothings, in so strange a style,
 Amaze th' unlearn'd, and make the learned smile.
 Unlucky, as *Fungoso* in the † Play, 330 }
 These sparks with aukward vanity display
 What the fine Gentleman wore yesterday,
 And but so mimic ancient wits at best,
 As apes our grandsires, in their doublets dress'd.
 In words, as fashions, the same rule will hold; 335
 Alike fantastic, if too new, or old;

* *Abolita & abrogata retinere, insolentiæ cujusdam est, & frivoliæ in parvis jactantiæ.* Quintil. lib. 1. c. 6.

Opus est ut verba à vetustate repetita neque crebra sint, neque manifesta quia nil est odiosius affectatione, nec utique ab ultimis repetita temporibus. Oratio cujus summa virtus est perspicuitas, quam sit vitiosa si egeat interprete? Ergo ut novorum optima erunt maximè vetera, ita veterum maximè nova. Idem.

† Ben. Johnson's *Every Man in his Humour*.

Be

Be not the first by whom the new are try'd,
Nor yet the last to lay the old aside.

* But most by *Numbers* judge a Poet's song, 339
And smooth or rough, with them, is right or wrong;
In the bright Muse tho' thousand charms conspire,
Her Voice is all these tuneful fools admire;
Who haunt *Parnassus* but to please their ear,
Not mend their minds; as some to Church repair,
Not for the doctrine, but the music there. 345 }
These equal syllables alone require,
Tho' † oft' the ear the open vowels tire;
While expletives their feeble aid do join;
And ten low words oft' creep in one dull line;
While they ring round the same unvary'd chimes, 350
With sure returns of still-expected rhymes.
Where-e'er you find the cooling western breeze,
In the next line, it whispers thro' the trees;
If crystal streams with pleasing murmurs creep,
The reader's threaten'd (not in vain) with sleep. 355
Then, at the last and only couplet fraught
With some unmeaning thing they call a thought,

* *Quis populi sermo est? quis enim? nisi carmine molli
Nunc demum numero fluere ut per læve severos
Effugit junctura unguis: scit tendere versum,
Non secus ac si oculo rubricam dirigat uno.*

Perfius, Sat. 1.

† *Fugiemus crebras vocalium concursiones, quæ vastam
atque hiantem orationem reddunt. Cic. ad Herenn. lib. 4.
Vide etiam Quintil. lib. 9. c. 4.*

A needles *Alexandrine* ends the song,
 That like a wounded snake, drags its slow length along.
 Leave such to tune their own dull rhimes, and know 360
 What's roundly smooth, or languishingly flow;
 And praise the easy vigour of a line,
 Where *Denham's* strength, and *Waller's* sweetness join.
 True ease in writing comes from art, not chance,
 As those move easiest who have learn'd to dance. 365
 'Tis not enough no harshness gives offence,
 The sound must seem an echo to the sense.
 Soft is the strain when *Zephyr* gently blows,
 And the smooth stream in smoother numbers flows;
 But when loud surges lash the sounding shore, 370
 The hoarse, rough verse should like the torrent roar.
 When *Ajax* strives, some rock's vast weight to throw,
 The line too labours, and the words move slow;
 Not so, when swift *Camilla* scours the plain,
 Flies o'er th' unbending corn, and skims along the main.
 Hear how **Timotheus*' vary'd lays surprize, 376
 And bid alternate passions fall and rise!
 While, at each change, the son of *Libyan Jove*
 Now burns with glory, and then melts with love:
 Now his fierce eyes with sparkling fury glow, 380
 Now sighs steal out, and tears begin to flow:
Persians and *Greeks* like turns of nature found,
 And the World's victor stood subdu'd by Sound!

* *Alexander's Feast, or the Power of Music: An Ode*
 by Mr. Dryden.

The pow'r of Music all our hearts allow;
And what *Timotheus* was, is *Dryden* now. 385

Avoid *Extremes*; and shun the fault of such,
Who still are pleas'd too little or too much.
At ev'ry trifle scorn to take offence,
That always shows great pride, or little sense;
Those heads, as stomachs, are not sure the best, 390
Which nauseate all, and nothing can digest.
Yet let not each gay Turn thy rapture move,
For fools admire, but men of sense approve.
As things seem large which we thro' mists descry,
Dulness is ever apt to magnify. 395

Some the *French* writers, some our own despise;
The Ancients only, or the Moderns prize.
(Thus Wit, like Faith, by each man is apply'd
To one *small sect*, and all are damn'd beside.)
Meanly they seek the blessing to confine, 400
And force that sun but on a part to shine,
Which not alone the southern wit sublimed,
But ripens spirits in cold northern climes;
Which from the first has shone on ages past,
Enlights the present, and shall warm the last: 405
(Tho' each may feel encreases and decays,
And see now clearer and now darker days)
Regard not then if wit be old or new,
But blame the false, and value still the true.

Some ne'er advance a judgment of their own, 410
But catch the spreading notion of the town;
They reason and conclude by *precedent*,
And own stale nonsense which they ne'er invent.

Some

Some judge of authors names, not works, and then
Nor praise nor blame the writings, but the men. 415

Of all this servile herd, the worst is he
That in proud dulness joins with Quality,
A constant Critic at the great man's board,
To fetch and carry nonsense for my Lord.
What woful stuff this madrigal would be, 420
In some starv'd hackney sonneteer, or me?
But let a Lord once own the happy lines,
How the wit brightens! how the style refines!
Before his sacred name flies ev'ry fault,
And each exalted stanza teems with thought! 425

The Vulgar thus through *Imitation* err;
As oft' the Learn'd by being *singular*;
So much they scorn the croud, that if the throng
By chance go right, they purposely go wrong:
So Schismatics the plain believers quit, 430
And are but damn'd for having too much wit.

Some praise at morning what they blame at night;
But always think the last opinion right.
A Muse by these is like a mistress us'd,
This hour she's idoliz'd, the next abus'd; 435
While their weak heads, like towns unfortify'd,
'Twixt sense and nonsense daily change their side.
Ask them the cause; they're wiser still, they say;
And still to-morrow's wiser than to-day.
We think our fathers fools, so wise we grow; 440
Our wiser sons, no doubt, will think us so.
Once School-divines this zealous isle o'er-spread;
Who knew most Sentences, was deepest read;

Faith,

Faith, Gospel, all, seem'd made to be disputed,
And none had sense enough to be confuted: 445

Scotists and *Thomists*, now, in peace remain,
Amidst their kindred cobwebs in *Duck-lane*.

If Faith itself has diff'rent dresses worn,
What wonder *Modes* in Wit should take their turn? *

Off', leaving what is natural and fit, 450

The current folly proves the ready wit;

And authors think their reputation safe,

Which lives as long as fools are pleas'd to laugh.

Some valuing those of their own side or mind,
Still make themselves the measure of mankind: 455

Fondly we think we honour merit then,

When we but praise our selves in other men.

Parties in Wit attend on those of State,

And publick faction doubles private hate.

VER. 447. *Duck-lane*.] A place where old and second-hand books were sold formerly, near *Smithfield*.

* Between Verse 449 and 450;

The rhyming Clowns that gladdened Shakespear's age,

No more with crambo entertain the stage.

Who now in Anagrams their Patron praise,

Or sing their Mistress in Acrostic lays?

Ev'n pulpits pleas'd with merry puns of yore;

Now all are banish'd to the Hibernian shore!

Thus leaving what was natural and fit,

The current folly prov'd their ready wit;

And authors thought their reputation safe,

Which liv'd as long as fools were pleas'd to laugh.

Pride,

Pride, Malice, Folly, against *Dryden* rose, 460
 In various shapes of Parsons, Critics, Beaus;
 But sense surviv'd, when merry jests were past;
 For rising merit will buoy up at last.
 Might he return, and bless once more our eyes,
 New *Blackmores* and new *Milbourns* must arise: 465
 Nay should great *Homer* lift his awful head,
Zoilus again would start up from the dead.
 Envy will merit, as its shade, pursue;
 But like a shadow, proves the substance true;
 For envy'd Wit, like *Sol* eclips'd, makes known 470
 Th' opposing body's grossness, not its own.
 When first that sun too pow'ful beams displays,
 It draws up vapours which obscure its rays;
 But ev'n those clouds at last adorn its way,
 Reflect new glories, and augment the day. 475
 Be thou the first true merit to befriend,
 His praise is lost, who stays 'till all commend.
 Short is the date, alas, of modern rhymes,
 And 'tis but just to let 'em live betimes.
 No longer now that golden age appears, 480
 When Patriarch-wits surviv'd a thousand years:
 Now length of fame (our second life) is lost,
 And bare threescore is all ev'n that can boast:
 Our sons their fathers failing language see,
 And such as *Chaucer* is, shall *Dryden* be. 485
 So when the faithful pencil has design'd
 Some bright Idea of the master's mind,
 Where a new world leaps out at his command,
 And ready nature waits upon his hand;

When

When the ripe colours soften and unite, 490
 And sweetly melt into just shade and light,
 When mellowing years their full perfection give,
 And each bold figure just begins to live;
 The treach'rous colours the fair art betray,
 And all the bright creation fades away! 495

Unhappy Wit, like most mistaken things,
 Attunes not for that envy which it brings.
 In youth alone its empty praise we boast,
 But soon the short-liv'd vanity is lost!

Like some fair flow'r the early spring supplies, 500
 That gayly blooms, but ev'n in blooming dies:
 What is this wit, which must our cares employ?

The owner's wife, that other men enjoy;
 The most our trouble still when most admir'd;
 The more we give, the more is still requir'd; 505
 The fame with pains we gain, but lose with ease:
 Sure some to vex, but never all to please;
 'Tis what the vicious fear, the virtuous shun,
 By fools 'tis hated, and by knaves undone!

If wit so much from ign'rance undergo, 510
 Ah let not learning too commence its foe!
 Of old, those met rewards who could excel,
 And such were prais'd who but endeavour'd well:
 Tho' Triumphs were to Gen'als only due,
 Crowns were reserv'd to grace the soldiers too. 515

VER. 494. *The treach'rous colours in few years decay.*
 500. *Like some fair flow'r that in the spring*
does rise.

Now,

Now, they who reach *Parnassus*' lofty crown,
 Employ their pains to spurn some others down;
 And while self-love each jealous writer rules,
 Contending wits become the sport of fools.
 But still the worst with most regret commend, 520
 For each ill Author is as bad a Friend.
 To what base ends, and by what abject ways,
 Are mortals urg'd thro' sacred Lust of praise!
 Ah ne'er so dire a thirst of glory boast,
 Nor in the Critic let the Man be lost! 525
 Good-nature and good-sense must ever join;
 To err is humane, to forgive, divine.
 But if in noble minds some dregs remain,
 Not yet purg'd off, of spleen and sour disdain;
 Discharge that rage on more provoking crimes, 530
 Nor fear a dearth in these flagitious times.
 No pardon vile *Obscenity* should find,
 Tho' wit and art conspire to move your mind;
 But Dulness with obscenity must prove
 As shameful sure as Impotence in love. 535
 In the fat age of pleasure, wealth, and ease,
 Sprung the rank weed, and thriv'd with large increase;
 When Love was all an easy Monarch's care;
 Seldom at council, never in a war:
 Jilts rul'd the state, and statesmen Farces writ; 540
 Nay wits had pensions, and young Lords had wit:
 The Fair fate panting at a Courtier's play,
 And not a Mask went unimprov'd away:
 The modest fan was lifted up no more,
 And Virgins smil'd at what they blush'd before. 545

The

The following licence of a Foreign reign
 Did all the dregs of bold *Socinus* drain;
 Then unbelieving Priests reform'd the nation,
 And taught more pleasant methods of salvation;
 Where heav'n's free subjects might their rights dispute,
 Lest God himself should seem too Absolute : 551
 Pulpits their sacred satire learn'd to spare,
 And Vice admir'd to find a flatt'rer there!
 Encourag'd thus, Wit's *Titans* brav'd the skies,
 And the Press groan'd with licens'd blasphemies. 555
 These monsters, Critics! with your darts engage,
 Here point your thunder, and exhaust your rage!
 Yet shun their fault, who, scandalously nice,
 Will needs mistake an author into vice;
 All seems infected that th' infected spy, 560
 As all looks yellow to the jaundic'd eye.

LEARN then what *Morals* Critics ought to show,
 For 'tis but half a judge's task, to know.
 'Tis not enough, wit, art, and learning join;
 In all you speak, let truth and candour shine: 565
 That not alone what to your judgment's due
 All may allow; but seek your friendship too.

Be silent always when you doubt your sense;
 And speak, tho' sure, with seeming diffidence:

VER. 548. *The Author has omitted two lines which stood here, as containing a National Reflection, which in his stricter judgment he could not but disapprove, on any People whatever.*

Some

Some positive, persisting fops we know, 570
 That, if once wrong, will needs be always so;
 But you, with pleasure own your errors past,
 And make each day a Critic on the last.

'Tis not enough, your counsel still be true;
 Blunt truths more mischief than nice falsehoods do; 575
 Men must be taught as if you taught them not,
 And things unknown propos'd as things forgot.
 Without *good-breeding*, truth is disapprov'd;
 That only makes superiour sense belov'd.

Be niggards of advice on no pretence; 580
 For the worst avarice is that of sense.
 With mean complacence ne'er betray your trust,
 Nor be so civil as to prove unjust.
 Fear not the anger of the wise to raise;
 Those best can bear reproof, who merit praise. 585

'Twere well might Critics still this freedom take;
 But *Appius* reddens at each word you speak,
 And stares, tremendous, with a threat'ning eye,
 Like some fierce Tyrant in old Tapestry.
 Fear most to tax an Honourable fool, 590
 Whose right it is, uncensur'd to be dull;
 Such without wit are Poets when they please,
 As without learning they can take Degrees.
 Leave dang'rous truths to unsuccessful Satyrs,
 And flattery to fulsome Dedicators, 595
 Whom, when they praise, the world believes no more,
 Than when they promise to give scribbling o'er.
 'Tis best sometimes your censure to restrain,
 And charitably let the dull be vain:

Your

Your silence there is better than your spite, 600
 For who can rail so long as they can write?
 Still humming on, their drouzy course they keep,
 And lash'd so long, like Tops, are lash'd asleep.
 False steps but help them to renew the race,
 As after stumbling, Jades will mend their pace. 605
 What crouds of these, impenitently bold,
 In sounds and jingling syllables grown old,
 Still run on Poets, in a raging vein,
 Ev'n to the dregs and squeezings of the brain,
 Strain out the last dull droppings of their sense, 610
 And rhyme with all the rage of Impotence.

Such shameless Bards we have; and yet 'tis true,
 There are as mad, abandon'd Critics too.
 The bookful blockhead, ignorantly read,
 With loads of learned lumber in his head, 615
 With his own tongue still edifies his ears,
 And always list'ning to himself appears.
 All books he reads, and all he reads assails,
 From *Dryden's* Fables down to *Dursey's* Tales.
 With him, most authors steal their works, or buy; 620
Garth did not write his own *Dispensary*.
 Name a new Play, and he's the Poet's friend,
 Nay show'd his faults—but when wou'd Poets mend?
 No place so sacred from such fops is barr'd,
 Nor is *Paul's* church more safe than *Paul's* church-yard:
 Nay,

Between Verse 625 and 626;

*In vain you shrug, and sweat, and strive to fly,
 These know no Manners, but in Poetry:*

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I

They'll

Nay, fly to altars; there they'll talk you dead; 626
 For Fools rush in where Angels fear to tread.
 Distrustful sense with modest caution speaks,
 It still looks home, and short excursions makes;
 But rattling nonsense in full vollies breaks, 630 }
 And never shock'd, and never turn'd aside,
 Bursts out, resistless, with a thund'ring tyde.

But where's the man, who counsel can bestow,
 Still pleas'd to teach, and yet not proud to know?
 Unbias'd, or by favour, or by spite; 635
 Not dully prepossess'd; or blindly right;
 Tho' learn'd, well-bred; and tho' well-bred, sincere;
 Modestly bold, and humanly severe:
 Who to a friend his faults can freely show,
 And gladly praise the merit of a foe? 640
 Blest with a taste exact, yet unconfin'd;
 A knowledge both of books and human-kind;
 Gen'rous converse; a soul exempt from pride;
 And love to praise, with reason on his side?

Such once were Critics; such the happy few, 645
Athens and *Rome* in better ages knew.
 The mighty *Stagyrite* first left the shore,
 Spread all his sails, and durst the deeps explore;
 He steer'd securely, and discover'd far,
 Led by the light of the *Mæonian* Star. 650

*They'll stop a hungry Chaplain in his Grace,
 To treat of Unities of Time and Place.*

Poets,

Poets, a race long unconfin'd, and free,
 Still fond and proud of savage liberty,
 Receiv'd his laws; and stood convinc'd 'twas fit
 Who conquer'd Nature, should preside o'er Wit.

Horace still charms with graceful negligence, 655
 And without method talks us into sense,
 Will like a friend, familiarly convey
 The truest notions in the easiest way.

He, who supreme in judgment, as in wit,
 Might boldly censure, as he boldly writ, 660
 Yet judg'd with coolness, tho' he sung with fire,
 His Precepts teach but what his works inspire.

Our Critics take a contrary extreme,
 They judge with fury, but they write with fle'me:
 Nor suffers *Horace* more in wrong Translations 665
 By Wits, than Critics in as wrong Quotations.

See * *Dionysius* *Homer's* thoughts refine,
 And call new beauties forth from ev'ry line!

Fancy and art in gay *Petronius* meet,
 The scholar's learning, with the courtier's wit. 670

Between Verse 650 and 651;

*He when all Nature was subdu'd before,
 Like his great pupil, sigh'd, and long'd for more:
 Fancy's wild regions yet unvanquish'd lay,
 A boundless empire, and that own'd no sway.
 Poets, &c.*

* *Dionysius of Halicarnassus.*

In grave *Quintilian's* copious work, we find
 The justest rules, and clearest method join'd:
 Thus useful arms in magazines we place,
 All rang'd in order, and dispos'd with grace;
 Nor thus alone the curious eye to please, 675
 But to be found, when need requires, with ease.

Thee, bold *Longinus!* all the Nine inspire,
 And bless their Critic with a Poet's fire.
 An ardent judge, who zealous in his trust,
 With warmth gives sentence, yet is always just; 680
 Whose own example strengthens all his laws,
 And is himself that great Sublime he draws.

Thus long succeeding Critics justly reign'd,
 Licence repress'd, and useful laws ordain'd.
 Learning and *Rome* alike in empire grew, 685
 And Arts still follow'd where her Eagles flew.
 From the same foes, at last, both felt their doom,
 And the same age saw Learning fall, and *Rome*.
 With Tyranny, then Superstition join'd,
 As that the body, this enslav'd the mind; 690
 Much was believ'd, but little understood,
 And to be dull was constru'd to be good;

VER. 677. *The Muses sure Longinus did inspire.*

VER. 691. *All was believ'd, but nothing understood.*

Between Verse 692 and 693;

*Vain Wits and Critics were no more allow'd,
 When none but Saints had licence to be proud.*

A second deluge learning thus o'er-run,
And the *Monks* finish'd what the *Goths* begun.

At length *Erasmus*, that great, injur'd name, 695
(The glory of the Priesthood, and the shame!)
Stem'd the wild torrent of a barb'rous age,
And drove those holy *Vandals* off the stage.

But see! each Muse, in *Leo's* golden days,
Starts from her trance, and trims her wither'd bays! 700

Rome's ancient *Genius*, o'er its ruins spread,
Shakes off the dust, and rears his rev'rend head.
Then Sculpture and her sister-arts revive;
Stones leap'd to form, and rocks began to live;
With sweeter notes each rising Temple rung; 705
A *Raphael* painted, and a * *Vida* sung.

Immortal *Vida*! on whose honour'd brow
The Poet's bays and Critic's ivy grow:
Cremona now shall ever boast thy name,
As next in place to *Mantua*, next in fame! 710

But soon by impious arms from *Latium* chas'd,
Their ancient bounds the banish'd Muses pass'd;
Thence arts o'er all the northern world advance;
But critic learning flourish'd most in *France*;
The rules, a nation born to serve, obeys; 715
And *Boileau* still in right of *Horace* sways.
But we, brave *Britons*, foreign laws despis'd,
And kept unconquer'd, and unciviliz'd,

* M. Hieronymus Vida, an excellent Latin Poet, who
writ an *Art of Poetry* in verse. He flourish'd in the time
of *Leo the tenth*.

134 ESSAY ON CRITICISM.

Fierce for the liberties of wit, and bold,
 We still defy'd the *Romans*, as of old. 720
 Yet some there were, among the sounder few
 Of those who less presum'd, and better knew,
 Who durst assert the juster ancient cause,
 And here restor'd Wit's fundamental laws.
 Such was the Muse, whose rules and practice tell, 725
*Nature's * chief Master-piece is writing well.*
 Such was *Roscommon*——not more learn'd than good,
 With manners gen'rous as his noble blood;
 To him the wit of *Greece* and *Rome* was known,
 And ev'ry author's merit but his own. 730
 Such late was *Walsh*,——the Muse's judge and friend,
 Who justly knew to blame or to commend;
 To failings mild, but zealous for desert;
 The clearest Head, and the sincerest Heart.
 This humble praise, lamented Shade! receive, 735
 This praise at least a grateful Muse may give:
 The Muse, whose early voice you taught to sing,
 Prescrib'd her heights, and prun'd her tender wing,
 (Her guide now lost) no more attempts to rise,
 But in low numbers short excursions tries: 740
 Content, if hence th' unlearn'd their wants may view,
 The learn'd reflect on what before they knew:
 Careless of censure, nor too fond of fame;
 Still pleas'd to praise, yet not afraid to blame;
 Averse alike to flatter, or offend; 745
 Not free from faults, nor yet too vain to mend.

* *Essay on Poetry, by the Duke of Buckingham.*

THE
RAPE of the LOCK.
AN
HEROI-COMICAL
P O E M.

Written in the Year 1712.

*Nolueram, Belinda, tuos violare capillos ;
Sed juvat hoc precibus me tribuisse tuis.*

MARTIAL.

THE
JOURNAL OF THE
ROYAL ANTHROPOLOGICAL INSTITUTE

VOLUME 40
PART 1
1910

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T O

Mrs. *ARABELLA FERMOR.*

MADAM,

IT will be in vain to deny that I have some regard for this piece, since I dedicate it to You. Yet you may bear me witness, it was intended only to divert a few young Ladies, who have good sense and good humour enough to laugh not only at their sex's little unguarded follies, but at their own. But as it was communicated with the air of a Secret, it soon found its way into the world. An imperfect copy having been offer'd to a Bookseller, you had the good-nature for my sake to consent to the publication of one more correct: This I was forc'd to, before I had executed half my design, for the Machinery was entirely wanting to complete it.

The Machinery, Madam, is a term invented by the Critics, to signify that part which the Deities, Angels, or Dæmons are made to act in a Poem: For the ancient Poets are in one respect like many modern Ladies; let an action be never so trivial in itself, they always make it appear of the utmost importance. These Machines

chines I determin'd to raise on a very new and odd foundation, the *Rosicrucian* doctrine of Spirits.

I know how disagreeable it is to make use of hard words before a Lady; but 'tis so much the concern of a Poet to have his works understood, and particularly by your Sex, that you must give me leave to explain two or three difficult terms.

The *Rosicrucians* are a people I must bring you acquainted with. The best account I know of them is in a French book call'd *Le Comte de Gabalis*, which both in its title and size is so like a Novel, that many of the Fair Sex have read it for one by mistake. According to these Gentlemen, the four Elements are inhabited by Spirits, which they call *Sylphs*, *Gnomes*, *Nymphs*, and *Salamanders*. The *Gnomes* or Dæmons of Earth delight in mischief; but the *Sylphs*, whose habitation is in the Air, are the best-condition'd creatures imaginable. For they say, any mortals may enjoy the most intimate familiarities with these gentle Spirits, upon a condition very easy to all true Adepts, an inviolate preservation of Chastity.

As to the following Canto's, all the passages of them are as fabulous, as the Vision at the beginning, or the Transformation at the end; (except the loss of your Hair, which I always mention with reverence.) The Human persons are as fictitious as the Airy ones; and the character of *Belinda*, as it is now manag'd, resembles you in nothing but in Beauty.

If this Poem had as many Graces as there are in your Person, or in your Mind, yet I could never hope

it

E P I S T L E.

139

it should pass thro' the world half so Uncensur'd as
You have done. But let its fortune be what it will,
mine is happy enough, to have given me this occasion
of assuring you that I am, with the truest esteem,

MADAM,

Your most obedient,

Humble Servant,

A. P O P E.

T H E

THE HISTORY OF

the City of London, from its first
settlement to the present time, as
derived from the most authentic
records, and the most valuable
manuscripts, and the most
correct and complete edition of
the History of the City of London,

by Samuel Pepys, Esq. of the
Middle Temple, Barrister at Law,
and Secretary to the Royal Society,
in a new and enlarged Edition,
with many new Additions, and
improvements, and a new
Plan of the City of London, and
a new Map of the River of London,

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T H E

R A P E of the *L O C K*.

C A N T O I.

WHAT dire offence from am'rous causes springs,
What mighty contests rise from trivial things,
I sing——This verse to C——, Muse! is due:
This, ev'n *Belinda* may vouchsafe to view:
Slight is the subject, but not so the praise, 5
If She inspire, and He approve my lays.

Say what strange motive, Goddess! could compel
A well-bred Lord t' assault a gentle *Belle*?
Oh say what stranger cause, yet unexplor'd,
Cou'd make a gentle *Belle* reject a Lord? 10
In tasks so bold, can little men engage,
And in soft bosoms dwells such mighty Rage?

The first sketch of this Poem was written in less than a fortnight's time, in 1711, in two Canto's, and so printed in a Miscellany, without the name of the Author. The Machines were not inserted till a year after, when he publish'd it, and annex'd the foregoing Dedication.

VER. 11, 12. It was in the first editions,
And dwells such rage in softest bosoms then,
And lodge such daring Souls in little Men?

Sol

Sol thro' white curtains shot a tim'rous ray,
 And ope'd those eyes that must eclipse the day;
 Now lap-dogs give themselves the rousing shake, 15
 And sleepleſs lovers, juſt at twelve, awake:
 Thrice rung the bell, the ſlipper knock'd the ground,
 And the preſs'd watch return'd a ſilver ſound.
 Belinda ſtill her downy pillow preſt,
 Her guardian Sylph prolong'd the balmy reſt: 20
 'Twas he had ſummon'd to her ſilent bed
 The morning-dream that hover'd o'er her head.
 A Youth more glitt'ring than a Birth-night Beau,
 (That ev'n in ſlumber cauſ'd her cheek to glow)
 Seem'd to her ear his winning lips to lay, 25
 And thus in whiſpers ſaid, or ſeem'd to ſay.
 Faireſt of mortals, thou diſtinguiſh'd care
 Of thouſand bright Inhabitants of Air!
 If e'er one Viſion touch'd thy infant thought,
 Of all the Nurſe and all the Prieſt have taught; 30
 Of airy Elves by moonlight ſhadows ſeen,
 The ſilver token, and the circled green,

VER. 13, &c. Sol thro' white curtains did his beams
display,

And ope'd thoſe eyes which brighter ſhine than they,
 Shock juſt had gi-v'n himſelf the rousing ſhake,
 And Nymphs prepar'd their Chocolate to take;
 Thrice the wrought ſlipper knock'd againſt the ground,
 And ſtriking watches the tenth hour reſound.

First Edit.

Or

Or virgins visited by Angel-pow'rs,
 With golden crowns and wreaths of heav'nly flow'rs;
 Hear and believe! thy own importance know, 35
 Nor bound thy narrow views to things below.
 Some secret truths, from learned pride conceal'd,
 To Maids alone and Children are reveal'd:
 What tho' no credit doubting Wits may give?
 The Fair and Innocent shall still believe. 40
 Know then, unnumber'd Spirits round thee fly,
 The light Militia of the lower sky;
 These, tho' unseen, are ever on the wing,
 Hang o'er the Box, and hover round the Ring:
 Think what an Equipage thou hast in Air, 45
 And view with scorn two Pages and a Chair.
 As now your own, our beings were of old,
 And once inclos'd in Woman's beauteous mold;
 Thence, by a soft transition, we repair
 From earthly Vehicles to these of air. 50
 Think not, when Woman's transient breath is fled,
 That all her vanities at once are dead:
 Succeeding vanities she still regards,
 And tho' she plays no more, o'erlooks the cards.
 Her joy in gilded Chariots, when alive, 55
 And love of Ombre, after death survive.

VER. 54, 55. — *Quæ gratia currum
 Armorumque fuit vivis, quæ cura nitentes
 Pascere equos, eadem sequitur tellure repositos.*

Virg. Æn. 6.
 For

For when the Fair in all their pride expire,
 To their first Elements the Souls retire:
 The Sprites of fiery Termagants in Flame
 Mount up, and take a *Salamander's* name. 60
 Soft yielding minds to Water glide away,
 And sip, with *Nymphs*, their elemental Tea.
 The graver Prude sinks downward to a *Gnome*,
 In search of mischief still on Earth to roam.
 The light Coquettes in *Sylphs* aloft repair, 65
 And sport and flutter in the fields of Air.

Know farther yet; whoever fair and chaste
 Rejects mankind, is by some *Sylph* embrac'd:
 For Spirits, freed from mortal laws, with ease
 Assume what sexes and what shapes they please. 70
 What guards the purity of melting Maids
 In courtly balls, and midnight masquerades,
 Safe from the treach'rous friend, the daring spark,
 The glance by day, the whisper in the dark,
 When kind occasion prompts their warm desires, 75
 When music softens, and when dancing fires?
 'Tis but their *Sylph*, the wise Celestials know,
 Tho' *Honour* is the word with Men below.

Some nymphs there are, too conscious of their face,
 For life predestin'd to the *Gnomes* embrace. 80
 These swell their prospects and exalt their pride,
 When offers are disdain'd, and love deny'd:
 Then gay Ideas croud the vacant brain,
 While Peers and Dukes, and all their sweeping train,
 And Garters, Stars, and Coronets appear, 85
 And in soft sounds, *Your Grace* salutes their ear.

'Tis

'Tis these that early taint the female soul,
 Instruct the eyes of young Coquettes to roll,
 Teach Infants cheeks a bidden blush to know,
 And little hearts to flutter at a Beau.

90

Oft' when the world imagine women stray,
 The *Sylphs* thro' mystic mazes guide their way,
 Thro' all the giddy circle they pursue,
 And old impertinence expel by new.

What tender maid but must a victim fall

95

To one man's treat, but for another's ball?

When *Florio* speaks, what virgin could withstand,

If gentle *Damon* did not squeeze her hand?

With varying vanities, from ev'ry part,

They shift the moving Toyshop of their heart; 100

Where wigs with wigs, with sword-knots sword-knots
 strive,

Beaus banish beaus, and coaches coaches drive.

This erring mortals Levity may call,

Oh blind to truth! the *Sylphs* contrive it all.

Of these am I, who thy protection claim,

105

A watchful sprite, and *Ariel* is my name.

Late, as I rang'd the crystal wilds of air,

In the clear Mirror of thy ruling Star

I saw, alas! some dread event impend,

E'er to the main this morning sun descend.

110

But heav'n reveals not what, or how, or where:

Warn'd by thy *Sylph*, oh pious maid, beware!

This to disclose is all thy guardian can.

Beware of all, but most beware of Man!

He said; when *Shock*, who thought she slept too long,
 Leap'd up, and wak'd his mistress with his tongue. 116
 'Twas then *Belinda*, if report say true,
 Thy eyes first open'd on a Billet-doux;
 Wounds, Charms, and Ardors, were no sooner read,
 But all the Vision vanish'd from thy head. 120

And now, unveil'd, the Toilet stands display'd,
 Each silver Vase in mystic order laid.
 First, robe'd in white, the nymph intent adores
 With head uncover'd, the Cosmetic pow'rs.
 A heav'nly Image in the glass appears, 125
 To that she bends, to that her eyes she rears;
 Th' inferior Priestess, at her altar's side,
 Trembling, begins the sacred rites of Pride.
 Unnumber'd treasures ope at once, and here
 The various off'rings of the world appear; 130
 From each she nicely culls with curious toil,
 And decks the Goddess with the glitt'ring spoil.
 This casket *India's* glowing gems unlocks,
 And all *Arabia* breathes from yonder box.
 The Tortoise here and Elephant unite, 135
 Transform'd to combs, the speckled, and the white.
 Here files of pins extend their shining rows,
 Puffs, Powders, Patches, Bibles, Billet-doux.
 Now awful Beauty puts on all its arms;
 The fair each moment rises in her charms, 140
 Repairs her smiles, awakens ev'ry grace,
 And calls forth all the wonders of her face;
 Sees by degrees a purer blush arise,
 And keener lightnings quicken in her eyes.

The

The R A P E of the L O C K. 147

The busy *Sylphs* surround their darling care, 145
These set the head, and those divide the hair,
Some fold the sleeve, whilst others plait the gown ;
And *Betty's* prais'd for labours not her own.

VER. 145. *The busy Sylphs, &c.*] Ancient Traditions of the *Rabbi's* relate, that several of the fallen Angels became amorous of Women, and particularize some; among the rest *Afael*, who lay with *Naamah*, the wife of *Noah*, or of *Ham*; and who continuing impenitent, still presides over the Women's Toilets. *Berefsbi Rabbi* in *Genes.* 6. 2.

T H E
R A P E of the *L O C K*.

C A N T O II.

NOT with more glories, in th' ethereal plain,
The Sun first rises o'er the purpled main,
Than issuing forth, the rival of his beams
Lanch'd on the bosom of the silver *Thames*.
Fair Nymphs, and well-drest Youths around her shone, 5
But ev'ry eye was fix'd on her alone.
On her white breast a sparkling Cross she wore,
Which Jews might kiss, and Infidels adore.
Her lively looks a sprightly mind disclose,
Quick as her eyes, and as unfix'd as those: 10
Favours to none, to all she smiles extends,
Oft' she rejects, but never once offends.
Bright as the sun, her eyes the gazers strike,
And, like the sun, they shine on all alike.
Yet graceful ease, and sweetness void of pride 15
Might hide her faults, if *Belles* had faults to hide:
If to her share some female errors fall,
Look on her face, and you'll forget 'em all.
This Nymph, to the destruction of mankind,
Nourish'd two Locks, which graceful hung behind 20
In

In equal curls, and well conspir'd to deck
 With shining ringlets the smooth iv'ry neck:
 Love in these labyrinths his slaves detains,
 And mighty hearts are held in slender chains.
 With hairy sprindges we the birds betray, 25
 Slight lines of hair surprize the finny prey,
 Fair tresses man's imperial race insnare,
 And beauty draws us with a single hair.

Th' advent'rous Baron the bright locks admir'd,
 He saw, he wish'd, and to the prize aspir'd. 30
 Resolv'd to win, he meditates the way,
 By force to ravish, or by fraud betray;
 For when success a Lover's toil attends,
 Few ask, if fraud or force attain'd his ends.

For this, e'er *Phæbus* rose, he had implor'd 35
 Propitious heav'n, and ev'ry pow'r ador'd,
 But chiefly Love——to Love an altar built,
 Of twelve vast *French* Romances, neatly gilt.
 There lay three garters, half a pair of gloves;
 And all the trophies of his former loves. 40

With tender Billet-doux he lights the pyre,
 And breathes three am'rous sighs to raise the fire.
 Then prostrate falls, and begs with ardent eyes
 Soon to obtain, and long possess the prize:
 * The Pow'rs gave ear, and granted half his pray'r, 45
 The rest, the winds dispers'd in empty air.

* Virg. *Æn.* 11.

But now secure the painted vessel glides,
 The sun-beams trembling on the floating tydes;
 While melting music steals upon the sky,
 And soften'd sounds along the waters die; 50
 Smooth flow the waves, the Zephyrs gently play,
Belinda smil'd, and all the world was gay.
 All but the *Sylph*——with careful thoughts oppress,
 Th' impending woe fate heavy on his breast.
 He summons strait his Denizens of air; 55
 The lucid squadrons round the sails repair:
 Soft o'er the shrouds aerial whispers breathe,
 That seem'd but Zephyrs to the train beneath.
 Some to the sun their insect-wings unfold,
 Waft on the breeze, or sink in clouds of gold; 60
 Transparent forms, too fine for mortal sight,
 Their fluid bodies half dissolv'd in light.
 Loose to the wind their airy garments flew,
 Thin glitt'ring textures of the filmy dew,
 Dipt in the richest tincture of the skies; 65
 Where light disports in ever-mingling dyes,
 While ev'ry beam new transient colours flings,
 Colours that change whene'er they wave their wings.
 Amid the cirele, on the gilded mast,
 Superior by the head, was *Ariel* plac'd; 70
 His purple pinions opening to the sun,
 He rais'd his azure wand, and thus begun.
 Ye *Sylphs* and *Sylphids*, to your chief give ear,
Fays, Fairies, Genii, Elves, and Dæmons hear!
 Ye know the spheres and various tasks assign'd 75
 By laws eternal to th' aerial kind.

Some

Some in the fields of purest *Æther* play,
 And bask and whiten in the blaze of day.
 Some guide the course of wand'ring orbs on high,
 Or roll the planets thro' the boundless sky. 80
 Some less refin'd, beneath the moon's pale light
 Pursue the stars that shoot athwart the night,
 Or suck the mists in grosser air below,
 Or dip their pinions in the painted bow,
 Or brew fierce tempests on the wintry main, 85
 Or o'er the glebe distill the kindly rain.
 Others on earth o'er human race preside,
 Watch all their ways, and all their actions guide:
 Of these the chief the care of Nations own,
 And guard with Arms divine the *British* Throne. 90
 Our humbler province is to tend the Fair;
 Not a less pleasing, tho' less glorious care:
 To save the powder from too rude a gale,
 Nor let th' imprison'd essences exhale;
 To draw fresh colours from the vernal flow'rs; 95
 To steal from rainbows e'er they drop in show'rs
 A brighter wash; to curl their waving hairs,
 Assist their blushes, and inspire their airs;
 Nay oft, in dreams, invention we bestow,
 To change a Flounce, or add a Furbelow. 100
 This day, black Omens threat the brightest Fair
 That e'er deserv'd a watchful spirit's care;
 Some dire disaster, or by force, or slight;
 But what, or where, the fates have wrapt in night.
 Whether the nymph shall break *Diana's* law, 105
 Or some frail *Cbina* jar receive a flaw,

Or stain her honour, or her new brocade,
 Forget her pray'rs, or miss a masquerade,
 Or lose her heart, or necklace, at a ball;
 Or whether Heav'n has doom'd that *Shock* must fall. 110
 Haste then, ye spirits! to your charge repair;
 The flutt'ring fan be *Zephyretta's* care;
 The drops to thee, *Brillante*, we consign;
 And, *Momentilla*, let the watch be thine;
 Do thou, *Crispissa*, tend her fav'rite Lock; 115
Ariel himself shall be the guard of *Shock*.

To fifty chosen *Sylphs*, of special note,
 We trust th' important charge, the Petticoat:
 Oft' have we known that seven-fold fence to fail,
 Tho' stiff with hoops, and arm'd with ribs of whale. 120
 Form a strong line about the silver bound,
 And guard the wide circumference around.

Whatever spirit, careless of his charge,
 His post neglects, or leaves the fair at large,
 Shall feel sharp vengeance soon o'ertake his sins, 125
 Be stop'd in vials, or transfix'd with pins;
 Or plung'd in lakes of bitter washes lie,
 Or wedg'd whole ages in a bodkin's eye:
 Gums and Pomatums shall his flight restrain,
 While clog'd he beats his filken wings in vain; 130
 Or Alom stypticks with contracting pow'r
 Shrink his thin essence like a rivell'd flow'r:
 Or as *Ixion* fix'd, the wretch shall feel
 The giddy motion of the whirling Mill,
 In fumes of burning Chocolate shall glow, 135
 And tremble at the sea that froaths below!

He

He spoke ; the spirits from the fails descend ;
Some, orb in orb, around the nymph extend ;
Some thrid the mazy ringlets of her hair ;
Some hang upon the pendants of her ear ; 140
With beating hearts the dire event they wait,
Anxious, and trembling for the birth of Fate.

THE

THE
RAPE of the LOCK.

CANTO III.

CLOSE by those meads, for ever crown'd with
flow'rs,

Where *Thames* with pride surveys his rising tow'rs,
There stands a structure of majestic frame,
Which from the neighb'ring *Hampton* takes its name.

Here *Britain's* statesmen oft' the fall foredoom 5
Of foreign Tyrants, and of Nymphs at home ;
Here thou, great ANNA ! whom three realms obey,
Dost sometimes counsel take——and sometimes Tea.

Hither the heroes and the nymphs resort,
To taste a while the pleasures of a Court ; 10
In various talk th'instructive hours they pass,
Who gave the ball, or paid the visit last ;
One speaks the glory of the *British* Queen,
And one describes a charming *Indian* screen ;

VER. II. 12. Originally in the first edition,
In various talk the chearful hours they pass,
Of, who was bitt, or who capotted last.

The R A P E of the L O C K.

155

A third interprets motions, looks, and eyes ;
At ev'ry word a reputation dies. 15

Snuff, or the fan, supply each pause of chat,
With finging, laughing, ogling, and all that.

Mean while declining from the noon of day,
The sun obliquely shoots his burning ray ; 20

The hungry Judges soon the sentence sign,
And wretches hang that jury-men may dine ;
The merchant from th' *Exchange* returns in peace,
And the long labours of the Toilet cease.

Belinda now, whom thirst of fame invites, 25

Burns to encounter two advent'rous Knights,
At *Ombre* singly to decide their doom ;
And swells her breast with conquests yet to come.

Strait the three bands prepare in arms to join,
Each band the number of the sacred nine. 30

Soon as she spreads her hand, th'aerial guard
Descend, and sit on each important card :

First *Ariel* perch'd upon a Matadore,
Then each, according to the rank they bore ;
For *Sylphs*, yet mindful of their ancient race, 35
Are, as when women, wondrous fond of place.

Behold, four Kings in majesty rever'd,
With hoary whiskers and a forky beard ;
And four fair Queens whose hands sustain a flow'r,
Th' expressive emblem of their softer pow'r ; 40

Four Knaves in garbs succinct, a trusty band,
Caps on their heads, and halberts in their hand ;
And particolour'd troops, a shining train,
Draw forth to combat on the velvet plain.

The

The skilful Nymph reviews her force with care : 45
Let Spades be trumps ! she said, and trumps they were.

Now move to war her sable Matadores,
In show like leaders of the swarthy Moors.
Spadillio first, unconquerable Lord !
Led off two captive trumps, and swept the board. 50

As many more *Manillio* forc'd to yield,
And march'd a victor from the verdant field.
Him *Basto* follow'd, but his fate more hard
Gain'd but one trump and one *Plebeian* card.
With his broad sabre next, a chief in years, 55

The hoary Majesty of Spades appears,
Puts forth one manly leg, to fight reveal'd,
The rest, his many-colour'd robe conceal'd.
The rebel Knave, who dares his prince engage,
Proves the just victim of his royal rage. 60

Ev'n mighty *Pam*, that Kings and Queens o'erthrew,
And mow'd down armies in the fights of *Lu*,
Sad chance of war ! now destitute of aid,
Falls undistinguish'd by the victor Spade !

Thus far both armies to *Belinda* yield ; 65
Now to the Baron fate inclines the field.

His warlike *Amazon* her host invades,
Th'imperial consort of the crown of Spades.
The Club's black Tyrant first her victim dy'd,
Spite of his haughty mien, and barb'rous pride : 70

What boots the regal circle on his head,
His giant limbs, in state unwieldly spread ;
That long behind he trails his pompous robe,
And, of all monarchs, only grasps the globe ?

The

The R A P E of the L O C K.

157

The Baron now his Diamonds pours apace ; 75
 Th'embroider'd King who shows but half his face,
 And his refulgent Queen, with pow'rs combin'd,
 Of broken troops an easy conquest find.
 Clubs, Diamonds, Hearts, in wild disorder seen,
 With throngs promiscuous strow the level green. 80
 Thus when dispers'd a routed army runs,
 Of *Asia's* troops, and *Afric's* sable sons,
 With like confusion different nations fly,
 Of various habit, and of various dye,
 The pierc'd battalions dis-united fall, 85
 In heaps on heaps ; one fate o'erwhelms them all.

The Knave of Diamonds tries his wily arts,
 And wins (oh shameful chance !) the Queen of Hearts.
 At this, the blood the virgin's cheek forfook,
 A livid paleness spreads o'er all her look ; 90
 She sees, and trembles at th'approaching ill,
 Just in the jaws of ruin, and *Codille*.
 And now, (as oft' in some distemper'd State)
 On one nice Trick depends the gen'ral fate.
 An Ace of Hearts steps forth : 'The King unseen 95
 Lurk'd in her hand, and mourn'd his captive Queen :
 He springs to vengeance with an eager pace,
 And falls like thunder on the prostrate Ace.
 The nymph exulting fills with shouts the sky ;
 The walls, the woods, and long canals reply. 100

Oh thoughtless mortals ! ever blind to fate,
 Too soon dejected, and too soon elate !
 Sudden, these honours shall be snatch'd away,
 And curs'd for ever this victorious day.

For

For lo! the board with cups and spoons is crown'd, 105
 The berries crackle, and the mill turns round ;
 On shining Altars of *Japan* they raise
 The silver lamp ; the fiery spirits blaze :
 From silver spouts the grateful liquors glide,
 While *China's* earth receives the smoaking tyde: 110
 At once they gratify their scent and taste,
 And frequent cups prolong the rich repaste.
 Strait hoyer round the Fair her airy band ;
 Some, as she sipp'd, the fuming liquor fann'd,
 Some o'er her lap their careful plumes display'd, 115
 Trembling, and conscious of the rich brocade.
 Coffee, (which makes the politician wise,
 And see thro' all things with his half-shut eyes)
 Sent up in vapours to the Baron's brain
 New stratagems, the radiant Lock to gain. 120
 Ah cease, rash youth! desist e'er 'tis too late,
 Fear the just Gods, and think of * *Scylla's* Fate!
 Chang'd to a bird, and sent to flit in air,
 She dearly pays for *Nisus'* injur'd hair !
 But when to mischief mortals bend their will, 125
 How soon they find fit instruments of ill ?
 Just then, *Clarissa* drew with tempting grace
 A two-edg'd weapon from her shining case ;
 So Ladies in Romance assist their Knight,
 Present the spear, and arm him for the fight. 130

* *Vide* Ovid. *Metam.* 8.

He takes the gift with rev'rence, and extends
 The little engine on his finger's ends;
 This just behind *Belinda's* neck he spread,
 As o'er the fragrant steams she bends her head.
 Swift to the Lock a thousand Sprites repair, 135
 A thousand wings, by turns, blow back the hair;
 And thrice they twitch'd the diamond in her ear;
 Thrice she look'd back, and thrice the foe drew near.
 Just in that instant, anxious *Ariel* sought
 The close recesses of the Virgin's thought; 140
 As on the nosegay in her breast reclin'd,
 He watch'd th' Ideas rising in her mind,
 Sudden he view'd, in spite of all her art,
 An earthly Lover lurking at her heart.
 Amaz'd, confus'd, he found his pow'r expir'd, 145
 Resign'd to fate, and with a sigh retir'd.

The Peer now spreads the glitt'ring *Forfex* wide,
 T' inclose the Lock; now joins it, to divide.
 Ev'n then, before the fatal engine clos'd,
 A wretched *Sylph* too fondly interpos'd; 150
 Fate urg'd the sheers, and cut the *Sylph* in twain,
 (* But airy substance soon unites again)
 The meeting points the sacred hair dis sever
 From the fair head, for ever, and for ever!

Then flash'd the living lightning from her eyes, 155
 And screams of horror rend th' affrighted skies.

* See Milton, lib. 6. of *Satan cut asunder by the Angel Michael*.

Not louder shrieks to pitying heav'n are cast,
 When husbands or when lapdogs breathe their last;
 Or when rich *China* vessels fall'n from high,
 In glitt'ring dust, and painted fragments lie! 160

Let wreaths of triumph now my temples twine,
 (The Victor cry'd) the glorious Prize is mine!
 While fish in streams, or birds delight in air,
 Or in a Coach and six the *British* Fair,
 As long as *Atalantis* shall be read, 165
 Or the small pillow grace a Lady's bed,
 While visits shall be paid on solemn days,
 When num'rous wax-lights in bright order blaze,
 While nymphs take treats, or assignations give,
 So long my honour, name, and praise shall live! 170

What Time wou'd spare, from Steel receives its date,
 And monuments, like men, submit to fate!
 Steel could the labour of the Gods destroy,
 And strike to dust th' imperial tow'rs of *Troy*;
 Steel could the works of mortal pride confound, 175
 And hew triumphal arches to the ground.
 What wonder then, fair nymph! thy hairs shou'd feel
 The conqu'ring force of unresisted steel?

THE
RAPE of the LOCK.

CANTO IV.

BUT anxious cares the pensive nymph oppress'd,
And secret passions labour'd in her breast.
Not youthful kings in battle seiz'd alive,
Not scornful virgins who their charms survive,
Not ardent lovers robb'd of all their bliss,
Not ancient ladies when refus'd a kiss,
Not tyrants fierce that unrepenting die,
Not *Cynthia* when her manteau's pinn'd awry,
E'er felt such rage, resentment, and despair,
As thou, sad Virgin! for thy ravish'd Hair.

For, that sad moment, when the *Sylphs* withdrew;
And *Ariel* weeping from *Belinda* flew,
Umbriel, a dusky, melancholy sprite,
As ever sully'd the fair-face of light,
Down to the central earth, his proper scene;
Repair'd to search the gloomy Cave of *Spleen*.

Swift on his sooty pinions flits the *Gnome*,
And in a vapour reach'd the dismal dome.

No chearful breeze this sullen region knows,
 The dreaded East is all the wind that blows. 20
 Here in a grotto, shelter'd close from air,
 And screen'd in shades from day's detested glare,
 She sighs for ever on her pensive bed,
Pain at her side, and *Megrim* at her head.

Two handmaids wait the throne: alike in place, 25
 But diff'ring far in figure and in face.
 Here stood *Ill-nature* like an ancient maid,
 Her wrinkled form in black and white array'd;
 With store of pray'rs, for mornings, nights, and noons,
 Her hand is fill'd; her bosom with lampoons. 30

There *Affectation*, with a sickly mien,
 Shows in her cheek the roses of eighteen,
 Practis'd to lisp, and hang the head aside,
 Faints into airs and languishes with pride,
 On the rich quilt sinks with becoming woe, 35
 Wrapt in a gown, for sickness, and for show.
 The fair-ones feel such maladies as these,
 When each new night-dress gives a new disease.

A constant Vapour o'er the palace flies;
 Strange phantoms rising as the mists arise; 40
 Dreadful, as hermit's dreams in haunted shades,
 Or bright, as visions of expiring maids.
 Now glaring fiends, and snakes on rolling spires,
 Pale spectres, gaping tombs, and purple fires:
 Now lakes of liquid gold, *Elysian* scenes, 45
 And crystal domes, and Angels in machines.

Unnumber'd throngs on ev'ry side are seen,
 Of bodies chang'd to various forms by Spleen.
 Here

Here living Tea-pots stand, one arm held out,
 One bent; the handle this, and that the spout: 50
 A Pipkin there, like * *Homer's* Tripod walks;
 Here sighs a Jar, and there a † *Goose-pye* talks;
 Men prove with child, as pow'rful fancy works,
 And maids turn'd bottles, call aloud for corks.

Safe past the *Gnome* thro' this fantastic band, 55
 A branch of healing *Spleenwort* in his hand.
 Then thus address'd the pow'r—Hail wayward Queen!
 Who rule the sex to fifty from fifteen:
 Parent of vapours and of female wit,
 Who give th' hysteric, or poetic fit, 60
 On various tempers act by various ways,
 Make some take physick, others scribble plays;
 Who cause the proud their visits to delay,
 And send the godly in a pett, to pray.
 A Nymph there is, that all thy pow'r disdains, 65
 And thousands more in equal mirth maintains.
 But oh! if e'er thy *Gnome* could spoil a grace,
 Or raise a pimple on a beauteous face,
 Like Citron-waters matrons cheeks inflame,
 Or change complexions at a losing game; 70
 If e'er with airy horns I planted heads,
 Or rumpled petticoats, or tumbled beds,
 Or caus'd suspicion when no soul was rude,
 Or discompos'd the head-dress of a Prude,

* See *Hom. Iliad* 18. of *Vulcan's walking Tripods*.

† Alludes to a real fact, a Lady of distinction imagin'd herself in this condition.

Or e'er to costive lap-dog gave disease; 75
 Which not the tears of brightest eyes could ease:
 Hear me, and touch *Belinda* with chagrin:
 That single act gives half the world the spleen.

The Goddess with a discontented air
 Seems to reject him, tho' she grants his pray'r. 80
 A wond'rous Bag with both her hands she binds,
 Like that where once *Ulysses* held the winds;
 There she collects the force of female lungs,
 Sighs, sobs, and passions, and the war of tongues.
 A Vial next she fills with fainting fears, 85
 Soft sorrows, melting griefs, and flowing tears.
 The Gnome rejoicing bears her gifts away,
 Spreads his black wings, and slowly mounts to day.

Sunk in *Thalestris'* arms the nymph he found,
 Her eyes dejected and her hair unbound. 90
 Full o'er their heads the swelling bag he rent,
 And all the Furies issued at the vent.
Belinda burns with more than mortal ire,
 And fierce *Thalestris* fans the rising fire.
 O wretched maid! she spread her hands, and cry'd, 95
 {While *Hampton's* echoes, wretched maid! reply'd)
 Was it for this you took such constant care
 The bodkin, comb, and essence to prepare?
 For this your locks in paper durance bound,
 For this with tort'ring irons wreath'd around? 100
 For this with fillets strain'd your tender head,
 And bravely bore the double loads of lead?
 Gods! shall the ravisher display your hair,
 While the Fops envy, and the Ladies stare!

Honor

The R A P E of the L O C K. 165

Honour forbid! at whose unrival'd shrine 105
 Ease, pleasure, virtue, all our sex resign.
 Methinks already I your tears survey,
 Already hear the horrid things they say,
 Already see you a degraded toast,
 And all your honour in a whisper lost! 110
 How shall I, then, your helpless fame defend?
 'Twill then be infamy to seem your friend!
 And shall this prize, th' inestimable prize,
 Expos'd thro' crystal to the gazing eyes,
 And heighten'd by the diamond's circling rays, 115
 On that rapacious hand for ever blaze?
 Sooner shall grass in *Hyde-park Circus* grow,
 And wits take lodgings in the sound of *Bow*;
 Sooner let earth, air, sea, to *Chaos* fall,
 Men, monkeys, lap-dogs, parrots, perish all! 120
 She said; then raging to Sir *Plume* repairs,
 And bids her Beau demand the precious hairs:
 (Sir *Plume*, of amber Snuff-box justly vain,
 And the nice conduct of a clouded cane)
 With earnest eyes, and round unthinking face, 125
 He first the snuff-box open'd, then the case,
 And thus broke out—"My Lord, why, what the devil?
 "Z—ds! damn the lock! 'fore Gad, you must be civil!
 "Plague on't! 'tis past a jest—nay prithee, pox!
 "Give her the hair"—he spoke, and rapp'd his box. 130
 It grieves me much (reply'd the Peer again)
 Who speaks so well should ever speak in vain.

But * by this Lock, this sacred Lock I swear,
 (Which never more shall join its parted hair;
 Which never more its honours shall renew, 135
 Clip'd from the lovely head where late it grew)
 That while my nostrils draw the vital air,
 This hand which won it, shall for ever wear.
 He spoke, and speaking, in proud triumph spread
 The long-contended honours of her head. 140

But *Umbriel*, hateful *Gnome*! forbears not so;
 He breaks the Vial whence the sorrows flow.
 Then see! the nymph in beauteous grief appears,
 Her eyes half-languishing, half-drown'd in tears;
 On her heav'd bosom hung her drooping head, 145
 Which, with a sigh, she rais'd; and thus she said.

For ever curs'd be this detested day,
 Which snatch'd my best, my fav'rite curl away!
 Happy! ah ten times happy had I been,
 If *Hampton-Court* these eyes had never seen! 150
 Yet am not I the first mistaken maid,
 By love of Courts to num'rous ills betray'd.
 Oh had I rather un-admir'd remain'd
 In some lone isle, or distant Northern land;
 Where the gilt Chariot never marks the way, 155
 Where none learn *Ombre*, none e'er taste *Bohea*!
 There kept my charms conceal'd from mortal eye,
 Like roses, that in deserts bloom and die.
 What mov'd my mind with youthful Lords to roam?
 O had I stay'd, and said my pray'rs at home! 160

* In allusion to Achilles's oath in Homer. Il. 1.

'Twas

'Twas this, the morning omens seem'd to tell ;
Thrice from my trembling hand the patch-box fell ;
The tot'ring China shook without a wind,
Nay *Poll* fate mute, and *Sbock* was most unkind !
A *Sylph* too warn'd me of the threats of fate, 165
In mystic visions, now believ'd too late !
See the poor remnants of these slighted hairs !
My hands shall rend what ev'n thy rapine spares :
These, in two sable ringlets taught to break,
Once gave new beauties to the snowy neck ; 170
The sister-lock now sits uncouth, alone,
And in its fellow's fate foresees its own ;
Uncurl'd it hangs, the fatal sheers demands,
And tempts once more thy sacrilegious hands.
Oh hadst thou, cruel ! been content to seize 175
Hairs less in sight, or any hairs but these !

THE
RAPE of the LOCK.

CANTO V.

SHE said: the pitying audience melt in tears.
But Fate and *Jove* had stopp'd the Baron's ears.
In vain *Thalestris* with reproach assails,
For who can move when fair *Belinda* fails?
Not half so fix'd the *Trojan* could remain, 5
While *Anna* begg'd and *Dido* rage'd in vain.
'Then grave *Clarissa* graceful wav'd her fan;
Silence ensu'd, and thus the nymph began.
Say why are Beauties prais'd and honour'd most,
'The wise man's passion, and the vain man's toast? 10
Why deck'd with all that land and sea afford,
Why Angels call'd, and Angel-like ador'd?
Why round our coaches croud the white-glov'd Beaus,
Why bows the side-box from its inmost rows?
How vain are all these glories, all our pains, 15
Unless good sense preserve what beauty gains:

VER. 9, &c. Parody of the Speech of *Sarpedon* to
Glaucus in *Homer*.

That

That men may say, when we the front-box grace,
Behold the first in virtue, as in face!
Oh! if to dance all night, and dress all day,
Charm'd the small-pox, or chas'd old-age away; 20
Who would not scorn what housewife's cares produce,
Or who would learn one earthly thing of use?
To patch, nay ogle, might become a Saint,
Nor could it sure be such a sin to paint.
But since, alas! frail beauty must decay, 25
Curl'd or uncurl'd, since Locks will turn to grey;
Since painted, or not painted, all shall fade,
And she who scorns a man, must die a maid;
What then remains but well our pow'r to use,
And keep good-humour still whate'er we lose? 30
And trust me, dear! good-humour can prevail,
When airs, and flights, and screams, and scolding fail.
Beauties in vain their pretty eyes may roll;
Charms strike the sight, but merit wins the soul.
* So spoke the Dame, but no applause ensu'd; 35
Belinda frown'd, *Thalestris* call'd her Prude.
To arms, to arms! the fierce Virago cries,
And swift as lightning to the combat flies.
All side in parties, and begin th' attack;
Fans clap, silks ruffle, and tough whalebones crack; 40
Heroes and Heroines shouts confus'dly rise,
And base, and treble voices strike the skies.

* It is a verse frequently repeated in *Homer* after any speech,

So spoke——and all the Heroes applauded.

No

No common weapons in their hands are found,
Like Gods they fight, nor dread a mortal wound.

* So when bold *Homer* makes the Gods engage, 45
And heav'nly breasts with human passions rage;
'Gainst *Pallas*, *Mars*; *Latona*, *Hermes* arms;
And all *Olympus* rings with loud alarms:
Jove's thunder roars, heav'n trembles all around;
Blue *Neptune* storms, the bellowing deeps resound; 50
Earth shakes her nodding tow'rs, the ground gives way,
And the pale ghosts start at the flash of day!

† Triumphant *Umbriel* on a sconce's height
Clap'd his glad wings, and fate to view the fight:
Prop'd on their bodkin spears, the Sprites survey 55
The growing combat, or assist the fray.

While thro' the press enrag'd *Thalestris* flies,
And scatters deaths around from both her eyes,
A Beau and Witling perish'd in the throng,
One dy'd in metaphor, and one in song. 60
“ O cruel nymph! a living death I bear,”
Cry'd *Dapperwit*, and sunk beside his chair.
A mournful glance Sir *Fopling* upwards cast,
‖ Those eyes are made so killing——was his last.

* *Homer*, *Il.* 20.

† *Minerva* in like manner, during the Battle of
Ulysses with the Suitors in *Odysseus*. perches on a beam
of the roof to behold it.

‖ *The Words of a Song in the Opera of Camilla.*

Thus

The RAPE of the LOCK.

171

* Thus on *Mæander's* flow'ry margin lies
Th' expiring *Swan*, and as he sings he dies. 65

When bold Sir *Plume* had drawn *Clarissa* down,
Chloe stepp'd in, and kill'd him with a frown;
She smil'd to see the doughty hero slain,
But, at her smile, the Beau reviv'd again. 70

† Now *Jove* suspends his golden scales in air,
Weighs the Men's wits against the Lady's hair;
The doubtful beam long nods from side to side;
At length the wits mount up, the hairs subside.

See fierce *Belinda* on the Baron flies, 75
With more than usual lightning in her eyes:
Nor fear'd the Chief th' unequal fight to try,
Who sought no more than on his foe to die.
But this bold Lord with manly strength endu'd,
She with one finger and a thumb subdu'd: 80

Just where the breath of life his nostrils drew,
A charge of Snuff the wily virgin threw;
The *Gnomes* direct, to ev'ry atome just,
The pungent grains of titillating dust.
Sudden, with starting tears each eye o'erflows, 85
And the high dome re-echoes to his nose.

Now meet thy fate, incens'd *Belinda* cry'd,
And drew a deadly bodkin from her side.

* Ov. Ep. *Sic ubi fata vocant, udis abjectus in herbis,
Ad vada Mæandri concinit albus olor.*

† Vid. Homer *Il.* 8. & Virg. *Æn.* 12.

{* The same, his ancient personage to deck,
 Her great great grandfire wore about his neck, 90
 In three seal-rings; which after, melted down,
 Form'd a vast buckle for his widow's gown:
 Her infant grandame's whistle next it grew,
 The bells she jingled, and the whistle blew;
 'Then in a bodkin grac'd her mother's hairs, 95
 Which long she wore, and now *Belinda* wears.)

Boast not my fall (he cry'd) insulting foe!
 Thou by some other shalt be laid as low.
 Nor think, to die dejects my lofty mind:
 All that I dread is leaving you behind! 100
 Rather than so, ah let me still survive,
 And burn in *Cupid's* flames,—but burn alive.

Restore the Lock! she cries; and all around
 Restore the Lock! the vaulted roofs rebound,
 Not fierce *Othello* in so loud a strain 105
 Roar'd for the handkerchief that caus'd his pain.
 But see how oft' ambitious aims are cross'd,
 And chiefs contend 'till all the prize is lost!
 The Lock, obtain'd with guilt, and kept with pain,
 In ev'ry place is sought, but sought in vain: 110
 With such a prize no mortal must be blest,

So heav'n decrees! with heav'n who can contest?

Some thought it mounted to the Lunar sphere,
 † Since all things lost on earth are treasur'd there.

* In imitation of the progress of Agamemnon's sceptre
 in Homer, *Il.* 2.

† Vid. *Aristo*, Canto 34.

The R A P E of the L O C K.

173

There Hero's wits are kept in pond'rous vases;
And Beau's in snuff-boxes and tweezer-cases.
There broken vows, and death-bed alms are found;
And lover's hearts with ends of ribband bound,
The courtier's promises, and sick man's pray'rs,
The smiles of harlots, and the tears of heirs,
Cages for gnats, and chains to yoke a flea,
Dry'd butterflies, and tomes of casuistry.

115

120

But trust the Muse——she saw it upward rise,
Tho' mark'd by none but quick, poetic eyes:
(So *Rome's* great founder to the heav'ns withdrew,
To *Proculus* alone confess'd in view)

125

A sudden Star, it shot thro' liquid air,
And drew behind a radiant trail of hair.
Not *Berenice's* Locks first rose so bright,
The heav'ns bespangling with dishevel'd light.
The *Sylphs* behold it kindling as it flies,
And pleas'd pursue its progress thro' the skies.

130

This the *Beau-monde* shall from the Mall survey,
And hail with music its propitious ray.
This the blest Lover shall for *Venus* take,
And send up vows from *Rosamonda's* lake.
This *Partridge* soon shall view in cloudless skies,
When next he looks thro' *Galilæo's* eyes;

135

VER. 137. *John Partridge* was a ridiculous Star-gazer, who in his Almanacks every year, never fail'd to predict the downfall of the Pope, and the King of *France*, then at war with the *English*.

And.

And hence th' egregious wizard shall foredoom
The fate of *Louis*, and the fall of *Rome*.

140

Then cease, bright Nymph! to mourn thy ravish'd hair,
Which adds new glory to the shining sphere!
Not all the tresses that fair head can boast,
Shall draw such envy as the Lock you lost.

For, after all the murders of your eye,

145

When, after millions slain, yourself shall die;
When those fair suns shall set, as set they must,
And all those tresses shall be laid in dust;
'This Lock, the Muse shall consecrate to fame,
And 'midst the stars inscribe *Belinda's* name.

150

ELOISA

ELOISA

TO

ABELARD.

The ARGUMENT.

A*Belard* and *Eloisa* flourish'd in the twelfth Century ; they were two of the most distinguish'd persons of their age in learning and beauty, but for nothing more famous than for their unfortunate passion. After a long course of Calamities, they retired each to a several Convent, and consecrated the remainder of their days to religion. It was many years after this separation, that a letter of *Abelard's* to a Friend, which contain'd the history of his misfortune, fell into the hands of *Eloisa*. This awakening all her tenderness, occasion'd those celebrated letters (out of which the following is partly extracted) which give so lively a picture of the struggles of grace and nature, virtue and passion.

ELOISA

TO

ABELARD.

IN these deep solitudes and awful cells,
Where heav'nly-pensive, contemplation dwells,
And ever-musing melancholy reigns;
What means this tumult in a Vestal's veins?
Why rove my thoughts beyond this last retreat?
Why feels my heart its long-forgotten heat?
Yet, yet I love!—From *Abelard* it came,
And *Eloïsa* yet must kiss the name.

Dear fatal name! rest ever unreveal'd,
Nor pass these lips in holy silence seal'd:
Hide it, my heart, within that close disguise,
Where mix'd with God's, his lov'd Idea lies:
Oh write it not, my hand—the name appears
Already written—wash it out, my tears!
In vain lost *Eloïsa* weeps and prays,
Her heart still dictates, and her hand obeys.

Relentless walls! whose darksome round contains
Repentant sighs, and voluntary pains:

VOL. I.

M

Ye

178 ELOISA TO ABELARD.

Ye rugged rocks! which holy knees have worn;
 Ye grotts and caverns shagg'd with horrid thorn! 20
 Shrines! where their vigils pale-ey'd virgins keep,
 And pitying saints, whose statues learn to weep!
 Tho' cold like you, unmov'd and silent grown,
 I have not yet forgot my self to stone.
 Heav'n claims me all in vain, while he has part, 25
 Still rebel nature holds out half my heart;
 Nor pray'rs nor fasts its stubborn pulse restrain,
 Nor tears, for ages, taught to flow in vain.

Soon as thy letters trembling I unclose,
 That well-known name awakens all my woes. 30
 Oh name for ever sad! for ever dear!
 Still breath'd in sighs, still usher'd with a tear.
 I tremble too where'er my own I find,
 Some dire misfortune follows close behind.
 Line after line my gushing eyes o'erflow, 35
 Led thro' a sad variety of woe:
 Now warm in love, now with'ring in thy bloom,
 Lost in a convent's solitary gloom!
 There stern Religion quench'd th' unwilling flame,
 There dy'd the best of passions, Love and Fame. 40

Yet write, oh write me all, that I may join
 Griefs to thy griefs, and echo sighs to thine.
 Nor foes nor fortune take this pow'r away;
 And is my *Abelard* less kind than they?
 Tears still are mine, and those I need not spare, 45
 Love but demands what else were shed in pray'r;
 No happier task these faded eyes pursue;
 To read and weep is all they now can do.

Then

Then share thy pain, allow that sad relief;
 Ah, more than share it! give me all thy grief. 50
 Heav'n first taught letters for some wretch's aid,
 Some banish'd lover, or some captive maid;
 They live, they speak, they breathe what love inspires,
 Warm from the soul, and faithful to its fires,
 The virgin's wish without her fears impart, 55
 Excuse the blush, and pour out all the heart,
 Speed the soft intercourse from soul to soul,
 And waft a sigh from *Indus* to the *Pole*.

Thou know'st how guiltless first I met thy flame,
 When Love approach'd me under Friendship's name; 60
 My fancy form'd thee of angelick kind,
 Some Emanation of th' all-beauteous Mind.
 Those smiling eyes, attemp'ring ev'ry ray,
 Shone sweetly lambent with celestial day.
 Guiltless I gaz'd; heav'n listen'd while you sung; 65
 And truths * divine came mended from that tongue.
 From lips like those what precept fail'd to move?
 Too soon they taught me 'twas no sin to love:
 Back thro' the paths of pleasing sense I ran,
 Nor wish'd an Angel whom I lov'd a Man. 70
 Dim and remote the joys of saints I see;
 Nor envy them that heav'n I lose for thee.

How oft, when prest to marriage, have I said,
 Curse on all laws but those which love has made?

* He was her Preceptor in Philosophy and Divinity.

Love, free as air, at sight of human ties, 75
 Spreads his light wings, and in a moment flies.
 Let wealth, let honour, wait the wedded dame,
 August her deed, and sacred be her fame;
 Before true passion all those views remove,
 Fame, wealth, and honour! what are you to Love? 80
 The jealous God, when we profane his fires,
 Those restless passions in revenge inspires,
 And bids them make mistaken mortals groan,
 Who seek in love for ought but love alone.
 Should at my feet the world's great master fall, 85
 Himself, his throne, his world, I'd scorn 'em all:
 Not *Cæsar's* empress wou'd I deign to prove;
 No, make me mistress to the man I love;
 If there be yet another name, more free,
 More fond than mistress, make me that to thee! 90
 Oh happy state! when souls each other draw,
 When love is liberty, and nature, law:
 All then is full, possessing, and possess'd,
 No craving void left aking in the breast:
 Ev'n thought meets thought, e'er from the lips it part, 95
 And each warm wish springs mutual from the heart.
 This sure is bliss (if bliss on earth there be)
 And once the lot of *Abelard* and me.

Alas how chang'd! what sudden horrors rise?
 A naked Lover bound and bleeding lies! 100
 Where, where was *Eloïse*? her voice, her hand,
 Her ponyard, had oppos'd the dire command.
 Barbarian stay! that bloody stroke restrain;
 The crime was common, common be the pain.

ELOISA TO ABELARD. 181

I can no more; by shame, by rage suppress'd, 105
Let tears, and burning blushes speak the rest.

Canst thou forget that sad, that solemn day,
When victims at yon' altar's foot we lay?
Canst thou forget what tears that moment fell,
When, warm in youth, I bade the world farewell? 110
As with cold lips I kiss'd the sacred veil,
The shrines all trembled, and the lamps grew pale:
Heav'n scarce believ'd the conquest it survey'd,
And Saints with wonder heard the vows I made.
Yet then, to those dread altars as I drew, 115
Not on the Cross my eyes were fix'd, but you:
Not grace, or zeal, love only was my call,
And if I lose thy love, I lose my all.

Come! with thy looks, thy words, relieve my woe;
Those still at least are left thee to bestow. 120

Still on that breast enamour'd let me lie,
Still drink delicious poison from thy eye,
Pant on thy lip, and to thy heart be press'd;
Give all thou canst—and let me dream the rest.
Ah no! instruct me other joys to prize, 125
With other beauties charm my partial eyes,
Full in my view set all the bright abode,
And make my soul quit *Abelard* for God.

Ah think at least thy flock deserves thy care,
Plants of thy hand, and children of thy pray'r. 130
From the false world in early youth they fled,
By thee to mountains, wilds, and deserts led.

You * rais'd these hallow'd walls; the desert simil'd,
 And Paradise was open'd in the Wild.
 No weeping orphan saw his father's stores 135
 Our shrines irradiate, or emblaze the floors;
 No silver fairs, by dying misers given,
 Here bribe'd the rage of ill-requested heav'n:
 But such plain roofs as Piety could raise,
 And only vocal with the Maker's praise. 140
 In these lone walls (their day's eternal bound)
 These moss-grown domes with spiry turrets crown'd,
 Where awful arches make a noon-day night,
 And the dim windows shed a solemn light;
 Thy eyes diffus'd a reconciling ray, 145
 And gleams of glory brighten'd all the day.
 But now no face divine contentment wears,
 'Tis all blank sadness, or continual tears.
 See how the force of others pray'rs I try,
 (Oh pious fraud of am'rous charity!) 150
 But why should I on others pray'rs depend?
 Come thou, my father, brother, husband, friend!
 Ah let thy handmaid, sister, daughter move,
 And, all those tender names in one, thy love!
 The darksome pines that o'er yon' rocks reclin'd 155
 Wave high, and murmur to the hollow wind,
 The wand'ring streams that shine between the hills,
 The grotts that echo to the tinkling rills,
 The dying gales that pant upon the trees,
 The lakes that quiver to the curling breeze; 160

* *He founded the Monastery.*

No more these scenes my meditation aid,
 Or lull to rest the visionary maid.
 But o'er the twilight groves, and dusky caves,
 Long-sounding isles, and intermingled graves,
 Black Melancholy sits, and round her throws 165
 A death-like silence, and a dread repose:
 Her gloomy presence saddens all the scene,
 Shades ev'ry flow'r, and darkens ev'ry green,
 Deepens the murmur of the falling floods,
 And breathes a browner horror on the woods. 170

Yet here for ever, ever must I stay;
 Sad proof how well a lover can obey!
 Death, only death, can break the lasting chain;
 And here ev'n then, shall my cold dust remain,
 Here all its frailties, all its flames resign, 175
 And wait, 'till 'tis no sin to mix with thine.

Ah wretch! believ'd the spouse of God in vain,
 Confess'd within the slave of love and man.
 Assist me heav'n! but whence arose that pray'r?
 Sprung it from piety, or from despair? 180
 Ev'n here, where frozen chastity retires,
 Love finds an altar for forbidden fires.
 I ought to grieve, but cannot what I ought;
 I mourn the lover, not lament the fault;
 I view my crime, but kindle at the view, 185
 Repent old pleasures, and solicit new;
 Now turn'd to heav'n, I weep my past offence,
 Now think of thee, and curse my innocence.
 Of all affliction taught a lover yet,
 'Tis sure the hardest science, to forget! 190

How shall I lose the sin, yet keep the sense,
 And love th' offender, yet detest th' offence?
 How the dear object from the crime remove,
 Or how distinguish penitence from love?
 Unequal task! a passion to resign, 195
 For hearts so touch'd, so pierc'd, so lost as mine.
 E'er such a soul regains its peaceful state,
 How often must it love, how often hate!
 How often hope, despair, resent, regret,
 Conceal, disdain—do all things but forget. 200
 But let heav'n seize it, all at once 'tis fir'd,
 Not touch'd, but rapt; not waken'd, but inspir'd!
 Oh come! oh teach me nature to subdue,
 Renounce my love, my life, my self—and you.
 Fill my fond heart with God alone, for he 205
 Alone, can rival, can succeed to thee.
 How happy is the blameless Vestal's lot?
 The world forgetting, by the world forgot:
 Eternal sun-shine of the spotless mind!
 Each pray'r accepted, and each wish resign'd; 210
 Labour and rest, that equal periods keep;
 ' Obedient slumbers that can wake and weep;
 Desires compos'd, affections ever even;
 Tears that delight, and sighs that waft to heav'n.
 Grace shines around her with serenest beams, 215
 And whisp'ring Angels prompt her golden dreams.
 For her the Spouse prepares the bridal ring,
 For her white virgins *Hymeneals* sing,
 For her th' unfading rose of *Eden* blooms,
 And wings of Seraphs shed divine perfumes, 220
 To

ELOISA TO ABELARD. 185

To sounds of heav'nly harps she dies away,
And melts in visions of eternal day.

Far other dreams my erring soul employ,
Far other raptures, of unholy joy :
When at the close of each sad, sorrowing day, 225
Fancy restores what vengeance snatch'd away,
Then conscience sleeps, and leaving nature free,
All my loose soul unbounded springs to thee.

O curst, dear horrors of all-conscious night!
How glowing guilt exalts the keen delight! 230
Provoking Dæmons all restraint remove,
And stir within me ev'ry source of love.

I hear thee, view thee, gaze o'er all thy charms,
And round thy phantom glue my clasping arms.
I wake : — no more I hear, no more I view, 235
The phantom flies me, as unkind as you.

I call aloud ; it hears not what I say ;
I stretch my empty arms ; it glides away.
To dream once more I close my willing eyes ;
Ye soft illusions, dear deceits, arise! 240

Alas, no more ! — methinks we wand'ring go
Thro' dreary wastes, and weep each other's woe,
Where round some mould'ring tow'r pale ivy creeps,
And low-brow'd rocks hang nodding o'er the deeps.
Sudden you mount, you beckon from the skies ; 245
Clouds interpose, waves roar, and winds arise.
I shriek, start up, the same sad prospect find,
And wake to all the griefs I left behind.

For thee the fates, severely kind, ordain
A cool suspense from pleasure and from pain ; 250
Thy

Thy life a long, dead calm of fix'd repose;
 No pulse that riots, and no blood that glows.
 Still as the sea, e'er winds were taught to blow,
 Or moving spirit bade the waters flow;
 Soft as the slumbers of a faint forgiv'n, 255
 And mild as opening gleams of promis'd heav'n.

Come *Abelard*! for what hast thou to dread?
 The torch of *Venus* burns not for the dead.
 Nature stands check'd; Religion disapproves;
 Ev'n thou art cold——yet *Eloisa* loves. 260
 Ah hopeless, lasting flames! like those that burn
 To light the dead, and warm th' unfruitful urn.

What scenes appear, where-e'er I turn my view,
 The dear Ideas where I fly, pursue,
 Rise in the grove, before the altar rise, 265
 Stain all my soul, and wanton in my eyes.
 I waste the Matin lamp in sighs for thee,
 Thy image steals between my God and me,
 Thy voice I seem in ev'ry hymn to hear,
 With ev'ry bead I drop too soft a tear. 270
 When from the censer clouds of fragrance roll,
 And swelling organs lift the rising soul,
 One thought of thee puts all the pomp to flight,
 Priests, tapers, temples, swim before my sight:
 In seas of flame my plunging soul is drown'd, 275
 While Altars blaze, and Angels tremble round.

While prostrate here in humble grief I lie,
 Kind, virtuous drops just gath'ring in my eye,

While

ELOISA TO ABELARD. 187

While praying, trembling, in the dust I roll,
And dawning grace is opening on my soul: 280
Come, if thou dar'st, all charming as thou art!
Oppose thy self to heav'n; dispute my heart;
Come, with one glance of those deluding eyes
Blot out each bright Idea of the skies;
Take back that grace, those sorrows, and those tears; 285
Take back my fruitless penitence and pray'rs;
Snatch me, just mounting, from the blest abode;
Assist the fiends, and tear me from my God!

No, fly me, fly me! far as Pole from Pole;
Rise *Alps* between us! and whole oceans roll! 290
Ah, come not, write not, think not once of me,
Nor share one pang of all I felt for thee.
Thy oaths I quit, thy memory resign;
Forget, renounce me, hate whate'er was mine.
Fair eyes, and tempting looks (which yet I view!) 295
Long lov'd, ador'd ideas, all adieu!
O grace serene! oh virtue heav'nly fair!
Divine oblivion of low-thoughted care!
Fresh blooming hope, gay daughter of the sky!
And faith, our early immortality! 300
Enter, each mild, each amicable guest;
Receive, and wrap me in eternal rest!

See in her cell sad *Eloisa* spread,
Propt on some tomb, a neighbour of the dead!
In each low wind methinks a Spirit calls, 305
And more than Echoes talk along the walls.
Here, as I watch'd the dying lamps around,
From yonder shrine I heard a hollow sound.

' Come,

' Come, sister, come! (it said, or seem'd to say)
 ' Thy place is here, sad sister, come away! 310
 ' Once like thy self, I trembled, wept, and pray'd,
 ' Love's victim then, tho' now a fainted maid:
 ' But all is calm in this eternal sleep;
 ' Here grief forgets to groan, and love to weep,
 ' Ev'n Superstition loses ev'ry fear: 315
 ' For God, not man, absolves our frailties here.'
 I come, I come! prepare your roseate bow'rs,
 Celestial palms, and ever-blooming flow'rs.
 Thither, where sinners may have rest, I go,
 Where flames refin'd in breasts seraphic glow: 320
 Thou, *Abelard*! the last sad office pay,
 And smooth my passage to the realms of day;
 See my lips tremble, and my eye-balls roll,
 Suck my last breath, and catch the flying soul!
 Ah no——in sacred vestments may'st thou stand, 325
 The hallow'd taper trembling in thy hand,
 Present the Cross before my lifted eye,
 Teach me at once, and learn of me to die.
 Ah then, thy once lov'd *Eloïsa* see!
 It will be then no crime to gaze on me: 330
 See from my cheek the transient roses fly!
 See the last sparkle languish in my eye!
 'Till ev'ry motion, pulse, and breath, be o'er;
 And ev'n my *Abelard* belov'd no more.
 O Death all-eloquent! you only prove 335
 What dust we doat on, when 'tis man we love.

Then

Then too, when fate shall thy fair frame destroy,
 (That cause of all my guilt, and all my joy)
 In trance extatic may thy pangs be drown'd,
 Bright clouds descend, and! Angels watch thee round, 340
 From opening skies may streaming glories shine,
 And Saints embrace thee with a love like mine.

May * one kind grave unite each hapless name,
 And graft my love immortal on thy fame!
 Then, ages hence, when all my woes are o'er, 345
 When this rebellious heart shall beat no more;
 If ever chance two wand'ring lovers brings
 To *Paraclete's* white walls and silver springs,
 O'er the pale marble shall they join their heads,
 And drink the falling tears each other sheds; 350
 Then sadly say, with mutual pity mov'd,
 " Oh may we never love as these have lov'd!
 From the full quire when loud *Hosanna's* rise,
 And swell the pomp of dreadful sacrifice,
 Amid that scene, if some relenting eye 355
 Glance on the stone where our cold relicks lie,
 Devotion's self shall steal a thought from heav'n,
 One human tear shall drop, and be forgiv'n.
 And sure if fate some future bard shall join
 In sad similitude of griefs to mine, 360

* Abelard and Eloïsa were interr'd in the same grave,
 or in monuments adjoining, in the Monastery of the Para-
 clete: He died in the year 1142, she in 1163.

Condemn'd whole years in absence to deplore,
 And image charms he must behold no more ;
 Such if there be, who loves so long, so well ;
 Let him our sad, our tender story tell ;
 The well-fung woes will sooth my pensive ghost ; 365
 He best can paint 'em, who shall feel 'em most.

ELEGY.

ELEGY

To the MEMORY of an

UNFORTUNATE LADY.

WHAT beck'ning ghost, along the moonlight shade
Invites my step, and points to yonder glade?
'Tis she! — but why that bleeding bosom gor'd,
Why dimly gleams the visionary sword?
Oh ever beauteous, ever friendly! tell,
Is it, in heav'n, a crime to love too well?
To bear too tender, or too firm a heart,
To act a Lover's or a *Roman's* part?
Is there no bright reversion in the sky,
For those who greatly think, or bravely die?
Why bad ye else, ye Pow'rs! her soul aspire
Above the vulgar flight of low desire?
Ambition first sprung from your blest abodes;
The glorious fault of Angels and of Gods:
Thence to their images on earth it flows, 15
And in the breasts of Kings and Heroes glows!
Most souls, 'tis true, but peep out once an age,
Dull sullen pris'ners in the body's cage:

Dim

Dim lights of life that burn a length of years,
 Useless, unseen, as lamps in sepulchres; 20
 Like Eastern Kings a lazy state they keep,
 And close confin'd in their own palace sleep.

From these perhaps (e'er nature bade her die)
 Fate snatch'd her early to the pitying sky.
 As into air the purer spirits flow, 25
 And sep'rate from their kindred dregs below;
 So flew the soul to its congenial place,
 Nor left one virtue to redeem her Race.

But thou, false guardian of a charge too good,
 Thou, mean deserter of thy brother's blood! 30
 See on these ruby lips the trembling breath,
 These cheeks, now fading at the blast of death;
 Cold is that breast which warm'd the world before,
 And those love-darting eyes must roll no more.
 Thus, if Eternal justice rules the ball, 35
 Thus shall your wives, and thus your children fall:
 On all the line a sudden vengeance waits,
 And frequent herdes shall besiege your gates.
 There passengers shall stand, and pointing say,
 (While the long fun'ral blacken all the way) 40
 Lo these were they, whose souls the Furies steel'd,
 And curs'd with hearts unknowing how to yield.
 Thus unlamented pass the proud away,
 The gaze of fools, and pageant of a day!
 So perish all, whose breast ne'er learn'd to glow 45
 For others good, or melt at others woe.

What can atone (oh ever-injur'd shade!)
 Thy fate unpity'd, and thy rites unpaid?

No

No friend's complaint, no kind domestic tear
 Pleas'd thy pale ghost, or grac'd thy mournful bier. 50
 By foreign hands thy dying eyes were clos'd,
 By foreign hands thy decent limbs compos'd,
 By foreign hands thy humble grave adorn'd,
 By strangers honour'd, and by strangers mourn'd!

What tho' no friends in sable weeds appear, 55
 Grieve for an hour, perhaps, then mourn a year,
 And bear about the mockery of woe

To midnight dances, and the publick show?
 What tho' no weeping Loves thy ashes grace,
 Nor polish'd marble emulate thy face? 60

What tho' no sacred earth allow thee room,
 Nor hallow'd dirge be mutter'd o'er thy tomb?
 Yet shall thy grave with rising flow'rs be dress'd,
 And the green turf lie lightly on thy breast:

There shall the Morn her earliest tears bestow, 65
 There the first roses of the year shall blow;
 While Angels with their silver wings o'ershade
 The ground, now sacred by thy reliques made.

So peaceful rests, without a stone, a name,
 What once had beauty, titles, wealth, and fame. 70

How lov'd, how honour'd once, avails thee not,
 To whom related, or by whom begot;
 A heap of dust alone remains of thee,

'Tis all thou art, and all the proud shall be!

Poets themselves must fall, like those they sung, 75

Deaf the prais'd ear, and mute the tuneful tongue.

Ev'n he, whose soul now melts in mournful lays,
 Shall shortly want the gen'rous tear he pays;

Then from his closing eyes thy form shall part,
 And the last pang shall tear thee from his heart, 80
 Life's idle business at one gasp be o'er,
 The Muse forgot, and thou belov'd no more!

PROLOGUE

TO

Mr. *ADDISON*'s Tragedy

OF

C A T O.

TO wake the soul by tender strokes of art,
 To raise the genius, and to mend the heart;
 To make mankind, in conscious virtue bold,
 Live o'er each scene, and be what they behold:
 For this the Tragic Muse first trod the stage, 5
 Commanding tears to stream thro' ev'ry age;

PROLOGUE to CATO. 195

Tyrants no more their savage nature kept,
 And foes to virtue wonder'd how they wept.
 Our author shuns by vulgar springs to move,
 The hero's glory, or the virgin's love; 10
 In pitying Love, we but our weakness show,
 And wild Ambition well deserves its woe.
 Here tears shall flow from a more gen'rous cause,
 Such Tears as Patriots shed for dying Laws:
 He bids your breasts with ancient ardour rise, 15
 And calls forth *Roman* drops from *British* eyes.
 Virtue confess'd in human shape he draws,
 What *Plato* thought, and godlike *Cato* was:
 No common object to your sight displays,
 But what with pleasure Heav'n itself surveys, 20
 A brave man struggling in the storms of fate,
 And greatly falling with a falling state.
 While *Cato* gives his little Senate laws,
 What bosom beats not in his Country's cause?
 Who sees him act, but envies ev'ry deed? 25
 Who hears him groan, and does not wish to bleed?
 E'vn when proud *Cæsar* 'midst triumphal cars,
 The spoils of nations, and the pomp of wars,
 Ignobly vain and impotently great,
 Show'd *Rome* her *Cato's* figure drawn in state; 30
 As her dead Father's rev'rend image past,
 The pomp was darken'd, and the day o'ercast;
 The Triumph ceas'd, tears gush'd from ev'ry eye;
 The World's great Victor pass'd unheeded by;
 Her last good man dejected *Rome* ador'd, 35
 And honour'd *Cæsar's* less than *Cato's* sword.

196 PROLOGUE TO CATO.

Britons attend: be worth like this approv'd,
 And show, you have the virtue to be mov'd.
 With honest scorn the first fam'd *Cato* view'd
Rome learning arts from *Greece*, whom she subdu'd; 40
 Our scene precariously subsists too long
 On *French* translation, and *Italian* song.
 Dare to have sense your selves; assert the stage,
 Be justly warm'd with your own native rage:
 Such Plays alone should please a *British* ear, 45
 As *Cato's* self had not disdain'd to hear.

EPILOGUE

TO

Mr. ROWE's *JANE SHORE*.

Design'd for Mrs. OLDFIELD.

P Rodigious this! the Frail-one of our play
 From her own Sex should mercy find to-day!
 You might have held the pretty head aside,
 Peep'd in your fans, been serious, thus, and cry'd,
 The

EPILOGUE TO JANE SHORE. 197

The Play may pass—but that strange creature, *Shore*, 5
I can't——indeed now——I so hate a whore——

Just as a blockhead rubs his thoughtless skull,
And thanks his stars he was not born a fool;

So from a sister sinner you shall hear,

“How strangely you expose your self, my dear?” 10

But let me die, all raillery apart,

Our sex are still forgiving at their heart;

And did not wicked custom so contrive,

We'd be the best, good-natur'd things alive.

There are, 'tis true, who tell another tale, 15

That virtuous ladies envy while they rail:

Such rage without betrays the fire within;

In some close corner of the soul, they sin,

Still hoarding up, most scandalously nice,

Amidst their virtues a reserve of vice. 20

The godly dame, who fleshly failings damns,

Scolds with her maid, or with her chaplain crams.

Wou'd you enjoy soft nights and solid dinners?

Faith, gallants, board with saints, and bed with sinners.

Well, if our Author in the Wife offends, 25

He has a Husband that will make amends:

He draws him gentle, tender, and forgiving,

And sure such kind good creatures may be living.

In days of old, they pardon'd breach of vows,

Stern *Cato's* self was no relentless spouse: 30

Plu—Plutarch, what's his name, that writes his life?

Tells us, that *Cato* dearly lov'd his wife:

Yet if a friend, a night or so, should need her,

He'd recommend her, as a special breeder.

To

198 EPILOGUE TO JANE SHORE.

To lend a wife, few here would scruple make, 35
 But pray which of you all would take her back?
 Tho' with the Stoick Chief our stage may ring,
 The Stoick Husband was the glorious thing.
 The man had courage, was a sage, 'tis true,
 And lov'd his country—but what's that to you? 40
 Those strange examples ne'er were made to fit ye,
 But the kind cuckold might instruct the City:
 There, many an honest man may copy *Cato*,
 Who ne'er saw naked sword, or look'd in *Plato*.
 If, after all, you think it a disgrace, 55
 That *Edward's* Miss thus perks it in your face;
 To see a piece of failing flesh and blood,
 In all the rest so impudently good;
 Faith, let the modest Matrons of the town,
 Come here in crowds, and stare the strumpet down. 50

The END of the FIRST VOLUME.



